

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

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FADE IN:

EXT. IRON GATE - DUSK

CLOSE ON

A BOY peering through a MASSIVE IRON GATE. As snow cascades around him he stands frozen in awe. He sniffs the air, smelling a good smell. He is CHARLIE BUCKET, a skinny boy with large eyes much older and wiser than his 10-years suggest. He wears a thread-bare coat and an old home-knitted much darned scarf.

CHARLIE

They say everything inside is edible. Even the walls.

We pull out to find TWO other 10 year-old BOYS standing on either side of Charlie -- GABRIEL, large, and DANNY, small and pugnacious.

GABRIEL

Why do you keep dragging us here?

DANNY

Because he's a freak. Come on, let's go.

CHARLIE

Suit yourself, but one day these gates are gonna re-open, and I'm gonna be right here when they do!

GABRIEL

(Mockingly)

Okay, Charlie. If you say so.

CHARLIE

Aren't you curious how he keeps the place running? Nobody ever goes in, and *nobody ever comes out!*

GABRIEL

If no one's in there then what's that?

Gabriel shoots his arm through the MASSIVE IRON GATE held firmly shut by an enormous RUSTED LOCK and points to

AN IMMENSE FACTORY

standing silhouetted black against the twilight sky. Behind the frosted glass windows of the factory we see

SMALL DARK SHADOWS moving about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Those are the workers.

GABRIEL

Nobody goes in or out. How can there be workers?

CHARLIE

It's magic.

DANNY

That is so stupid.

CHARLIE

--No it's not. And nobody knows except him! The greatest chocolate maker in all the world!

Charlie turns and stares reverently above the Massive IRON GATES extending across the entrance where one-by-one, LIGHTS COME ON from left to right. Letter by letter as though printed by a gigantic hand, they spell out the word:

W...O...N...K...A.

The tall chimneys belch smoke, but not a soul is in sight. An air of MYSTERY hangs over the mighty building like a witches castle.

Danny and Gabriel walk off, mimicking Charlie as they go.

DANNY'S VOICE

It's magic...

Laughing, they cross the street toward...

EXT. PRATCHETT'S CANDIES - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A small candy shop storefront across the street from WONKA'S FACTORY, dwarfed by it's looming shadow.

A BELL DINGS.

INT. PRATCHETT'S CANDIES - MOMENTS LATER

CHARLIE ENTERS. Gabriel and Danny are already inside, lurking about, lusting after the endless rows of sweets packed away out of reach in BIG GLASS JARS -- Bull's-eyes, Old Fashioned Humbugs, Strawberry Bonbons, Glacier Mints, Licorice Bootlaces, a variety of WONKA CHOCOLATE BARS, etc.

At the back of the store is a STAND with MAGAZINES and NEWSPAPERS for sale.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny wanders over to the FRONT COUNTER to a SAMPLE PLATE with A SINGLE CANDY on it. He moves closer, hungrily eyeing the small, shimmery GREEN-COLORED SWEET.

CLOSE ON Danny's HAND reaching, when suddenly A HAND GRABS HIS HAND as it's about to touch THE CANDY. THE HAND BELONGS TO...

MR. PRATCHETT, the STORE'S OWNER -- an older, hunched over MAN, with a sour mouth that rarely smiles.

PRATCHETT

-- Keep your filthy fingers off my candy. I don't want you in here just looking around! Either you fork out or you get out!

An intimidated Danny backs up toward the door.

GABRIEL

Where ya going?

DANNY

I'm out of here.

Gabriel follows him out. Charlie stays put and looks Mr. Pratchett directly in the eye.

PRATCHETT

Nice friends you got there.

CHARLIE

Why are you so mean?

Pratchett looks at the WALL CLOCK. It's 4:30 ON THE NOSE.

MR. PRATCHETT

Like clockwork!

Pratchett begins dusting the glass counter top in a circular motion with a cloth. As the conversation continues, Charlie begins to MIRROR PRATCHETT'S MOVEMENTS in a kind of dance that is clearly a familiar routine for these two. Pratchett keeps testing Charlie (the reflection) by trying to trick him with his movements.

CHARLIE

If I ran this place things would be different.

Pratchett quickly sweeps the rag underneath his other hand and dusts in the opposite circular direction. Charlie mirrors the movement in perfect time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRATCHETT

Well you don't.

CHARLIE

It would be a happy place. Where
kids feel welcome.

Pratchett fakes to the left and then bends down to the right, dusting the back side of the glass cabinet. Charlie still manages to stay with him, bending down and moving his hand in circular motion along the front part of the glass cabinet. They talk through the glass.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

They'd hang out all day and eat
chocolate, just like they used to
at Wonka's.

PRATCHETT

Those days are long gone.

Pratchett stands and goes about his business, dusting his jars. Charlie stops the game and walks to the window and looks out at WONKA'S FACTORY.

CHARLIE

If I could go inside just once I'd
tell him how much everyone wants to
know what he's doing in there. And
I bet I'd even have an idea or two
he could use.

(beat)

When's he coming out with something
new, anyway?

PRATCHETT

Mr. Wonka has invented more than
200 candy bars--

CHARLIE

--I know. Each with a center that's
sweeter and creamier and more
delicious than anything the other
chocolate factories can make.

PRATCHETT

Then I guess you also know that
he's done all this, miraculously,
without your help.

Charlie looks down at the only thing between he and Pratchett --the SINGLE SWEET still untouched on the plate.

(CONTINUED)

PRATCHETT (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, my day's not
complete without your unsolicited
opinion.

Pratchett pushes the plate toward Charlie. He pauses and
then takes the candy. Pratchett watches as Charlie puts the
candy into his mouth. He chews for a moment and then
distorts his face into a massive SCRUNCH.

CHARLIE

Sour.

Charlie chews on, like an expert chef. Pratchett watches.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'd stick a peanut in the middle.
And cover it with chocolate.
Wonka's chocolate -- so it'll melt
rather than chip into pieces like
other kinds.

As Charlie swallows, Pratchett turns away.

PRATCHETT

What do you know?

CHARLIE

Something or you wouldn't always
ask me.

(beat)

And it should last longer. You
spend your last dollar and it's
gone in a second. I bet Wonka could
invent a way for a candy to last--

PRATCHETT

--A dollar? You never spend a dime!

CHARLIE

I would if I had one. If I had
money...

PRATCHETT

Yeah, if you had money... let's
hear it.

CHARLIE

Well for one, I'd buy my mom a new
car, one that starts... with a
chauffeur so that she can sit in
back and rest her feet;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

and a house with floors that are heated in the winter and air conditioned in the summer; and a sunken tub for my Grandpa Joe with a faucet for hot and cold and one just for bubbles; and every day someone would come and put clean, fancy sheets on my grandparents' bed and--

PRATCHETT

--what about for you?

CHARLIE

I'd build my very own chocolate factory.

Charlie looks out the window.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I wonder why Wonka really locked the gates?

PRATCHETT

Probably because of people like you, nosing around in his business.

CHARLIE

No way. Wonka's a magician. Magicians need a curious audience. It had to be something more...

PRATCHETT

His Workers. The people he trusted. Stole his ideas right out from under him. Like Slugworth and Fickelgruber... just cheap imitations.

CHARLIE

My Grandpa Joe says that imitation is the greatest form of flattery.

PRATCHETT

Well your Grandpa Joe probably doesn't have an idea in his noggin worth stealing.

Pratchett looks up at the window.

PRATCHETT (CONT'D)

Yep, I'm afraid this is the closest you'll ever come to the inside that place.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

PRATCHETT (CONT'D)

And no one feels it more than I do.
When Wonka locked his doors, nearly
killed my business.

CHARLIE

Well he shouldn't have. And now he
should unlock them. Imagine if
Thomas Edison had decided to lock
his doors and stay home.

PRATCHETT

I'd have a smaller electric bill.

EXT. BUCKET HOME - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The TINY DIMLY LIT COTTAGE stands alone among a field of
weeds on the edge of a great town. A path winds through the
weeds to the front door. We move closer and see how truly
dilapidated the house is. Smoke comes from the chimney.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE

Spies?

OLD MAN'S VOICE

What a mound of malarkey

INT. BUCKET HOME - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A VERY OLD FACE.

GRANDPA JOE, 96 and bony as a skeleton. But when Charlie is
around all his tiredness falls away, and he becomes as
eager and excited as a young boy.

GRANDPA JOE

Malarkey nothing! Charlie's right.
Jealous chocolate makers sent in
spies to steal Wonka's recipes.
It's a known fact.

PULL OUT to reveal

CHARLIE'S ELDERLY GRANDPARENTS sitting upright in ONE
MASSIVE BED. Next to Grandpa Joe is his wife, GRANDMA
JOSEPHINE, gentle, and a little dotty. Across, on the other
side of the bed, is GRANDPA GEORGE, small and wizened, a
bit of a pessimist. Next to him is GRANDMA GEORGINA, a
tough OLD WOMAN who takes no guff from anyone.

A dim lamp lights the main room of this TINY HOME.
Charlie sits at a small table working on a project.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

It's true. Why do you think Mr. Fickelgruber's factory started making ice cream that never melts?

GRANDPA JOE

And Slugworth came out with a chewing gum that never lost it's flavor however much you chewed--

GRANDMA GEORGINA

--If you ask me you're filling this boy's head with a lot of useless mush. No wonder his grades aren't up to snuff.

GRANDPA JOE

Useless? Why, I beg to--

GRANDMA GEORGINA

--Beg all you want, Joe. But Charlie's gotta get his head out of the clouds and into his books if he wants to end up anywhere at all. Even chocolate makers need an education.

Grandpa George gestures around the tiny house.

GRANDPA GEORGE

You want more than this, don't you, Charlie?

Just then The front door swings opens and CHARLIE'S MOTHER, HELEN BUCKET enters. She is dressed in a DOMESTIC SERVANT'S uniform, and looks tired and weary and older than her thirty-something years.

MRS. BUCKET

My car died again.

She walks over and kisses Charlie on the head.

MRS. BUCKET (CONT'D)

How is everyone?

GRANDPA JOE

Just dandy.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Full of mush!

She looks at Charlie's project.

MRS. BUCKET (CONT'D)

Charlie, it's late. Have you finished your report?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Charlie puts a finishing touch on his creation and turns it around for his mother to see.

CHARLIE

What do you think?

It's a wildly creative sculpture in the form of a CASTLE (reminiscent of WONKA'S FACTORY) made entirely from household SCRAPS.

MRS. BUCKET

I think this looks neither written nor Medieval.

CHARLIE

It's a castle... not just Medieval, but for all time. Look, it's got a Tilt Maze.

Charlie demonstrates by tilting the model for overhead view revealing an INTRICATE MAZE at the center of the structure.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

When the castle tilts the ball will roll until it hits a barrier.

MRS. BUCKET

Charlie, we've talked about this. You've got to start following instructions. I don't want to get another call from your--

GRANDPA JOE

--Would you look at that. The floors actually move!

GRANDMA GEORGINA

See what I mean? Mush!

EXT. WILLY WONKA MIDDLE SCHOOL - AFTERNOON (ESTABLISHING)

Engraved in the marble hearth of this imposing Gothic structure are the words...

WILLIAM WONKA MIDDLE SCHOOL

A SCHOOL BELL RINGS.

KIDS of all ages bundled up from head to toe pour from the school's main gate. Some head toward the street, some linger on the steps. MUSIC BLARES from a nearby BOOMBOX.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON CHARLIE walking with Gabriel and Danny when A CAR comes to a SCREECHING HALT in the street below. Everyone turns to see what the commotion is when...

A TEENAGE BOY YELLS out the car window...

BOY

*Willy Wonka is opening his factory!
It was just announced!*

Jaws DROP and for a moment all is still as everyone absorbs the SHOCKING NEWS. Then...

A MASS EXODUS ensues as students stampede onto the streets.

ON CHARLIE who breaks out in a SHIT-EATING GRIN as he takes off leaving a stunned and egg-faced Gabe and Danny behind.

CHARLIE runs as fast as he can past STOPPED TRAFFIC and HONKING HORNS. Past a MASSIVE CROWD OF PEOPLE spilling out of a large ELECTRONICS STORE. He pushes his way through the crowd and runs until he makes his way to...

WONKA'S CHOCOLATE FACTORY!

EXT. WONKA'S FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

THE MEDIA HAS ALREADY DESCENDED.

NEWS HELICOPTERS hover overhead. NEWS VANS crowd the street. TELEVISION JOURNALISTS coil as they jockey for position in front of the massive gates to shoot a STAND-UP.

Charlie wanders through the crowd gathering snippets of information from various reporters who speak animatedly into the cameras with WONKA'S FACTORY as their backdrop.

ASIAN FEMALE REPORTER

*Hidden among billions of Wonka Bars
around the world are a mere five
golden tickets!*

BLONDE FEMALE REPORTER

*Nowhere is the excitement more
palpable than here in Willy Wonka's
home town, Wonka, Pennsylvania.*

BLACK MALE REPORTER

*The lucky winners will be escorted
on a tour of the Factory by Mr.
Willy Wonka himself. But only one
lucky winner will leave with a
lifetime supply of chocolate.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie walks on in an adrenaline induced haze....

LATINO REPORTER

The gates to Wonka's Factory are locked shut and have been for more than a decade. Designed by Wonka himself as a proud monument to his inventing genius...

Charlie squeezes through the crowd and makes his way to the locked gates. He sticks his head through and looks up at the factory. A huge smile spreads across his face...

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

The disappearance from public view of this legendary candyman has become one of this generation's greatest mysteries.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION FOOTAGE OF CAMOUFLAGE CLAD army troops and a DISHEVELED group of REBEL FIGHTERS from a third-world country laying down their arms.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

A cease fire between Government troops and Rebel forces occurred as news of Wonka's Chocolate Factory opening spread...

CLICK. A NEW CHANNEL.

FOOTAGE of HAPPY CHILDREN and HAPPY FAMILIES moving freely in and out of the gates of Wonka's factory.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Known worldwide as the sweetest place on earth, Wonka's factory was a must see on family vacation lists from California to Calcutta.

FOOTAGE of FACTORY WORKERS sadly leaving the factory. Some cry, others grimly head out of the massive iron gates.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Until one day, without explanation, the always mysterious WILLY WONKA sent all of his workers home.

He IRON GATES CLANG SHUT after the last worker has left.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...locking the gates behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A SHOT of the quiet factory as the sun goes down.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And then, Willy Wonka disappeared.

PULL OUT and we are

INT. BUCKET HOME - NIGHT

All four grandparents, Charlie and his mom watch TELEVISION
-- The same SHOT of the quiet factory...

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

For almost two years the factory
sat silent and still, a spectacular
monument to broken dreams.

Another SHOT of THE FACTORY, only now, COLUMNS OF WHITE
SMOKE pour from the tall chimneys.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Until one morning, the factory came
to life. Wonka was back in
business. But how? With the gates
still locked, and Wonka still
unseen, who has been working--

GRANDPA GEORGE

--Can we get some real news around
here!

Grandpa George uses the remote to change the channel.

ON TELEVISION - A NEW CHANNEL...

EXT. KREMLIN - DAY

NEWS ANNOUNCER

Even the Kremlin has Wonka Fever.

4 trucks of WILLY WONKA CHOCOLATE are unloaded.

ON CHARLIE...

CHARLIE

You think I might find one?

GRANDPA JOE

Someone's got to find them. Why not
you?

MRS. BUCKET

The odds of any single person
finding one is next to nothing.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA JOE
But not *nothing*.

CHARLIE
But not *nothing*!

Grandpa Joe and Charlie share an excited smile. Mrs. Bucket turns off the Television.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE
The man's dotty!

CHARLIE
He's a genius.

GRANDPA JOE
It's true. Think about it, the whole world's searching for 5 Golden Tickets! He'll sell more than ever before.

CHARLIE
He's the absolute cleverest!

GRANDPA JOE
Clever! He's more than that!

Grandpa raises himself up higher on his pillow...

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)
He's a magician! He can make anything!

GRANDPA GEORGE
Anything... Hogwash!

GRANDPA JOE
Anything! He doesn't just make candy bars. He makes marshmallows that taste of violets...

CHARLIE
And caramels that change colors every ten seconds as you suck them.

GRANDPA JOE
And dreams he makes--

Mrs. Bucket stands...

MRS. BUCKET
--Speaking of... how about a way to make a boy rested for school without sleep?

Yanked out of their reverie, Grandpa Joe and Charlie stare blankly at Mrs. Bucket.

INT. UNDER GRANDPAS' COVERS - LATER

Everyone is asleep except Grandpa Joe and Charlie.

CHARLIE

Can you imagine, a lifetime supply
of Chocolate! No Bucket would ever
be poor again. We'd eat chocolate
for every meal!

GRANDPA JOE

Eat it? We could have plates made
out of it; and when we're done
eating, we could eat the plates.

Charlie lights up.

CHARLIE

Yeah! And then we'll brush our
teeth with *chocolate cream*!

GRANDPA JOE

And go to bed, content and happy,
in our *chocolate bed*!

CHARLIE

And in the morning, we won't have
to make the bed...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We'll eat it!

GRANDPA JOE

We'll eat it!

Grandpa Joe and Charlie high five, chortling with joy.

GRANDPA JOE

And then, one day, you'll bury me
in a chocolate casket.

CHARLIE'S FACE SOBERS, as if the thought of Grandpa Joe
DYING has never occurred to him.

CHARLIE

Don't say that, Grandpa--

Just then, the covers are YANKED off from above where...

MRS. BUCKET stands, browbeating her two naughty CHILDREN.
Grandpa Joe turns to Charlie feigning admonishment.

GRANDPA JOE

Charlie. Bed. *Now*!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Sorry, Grandpa. Thanks for helping
with that math equation.

Mother isn't having any of it!

INT. BUCKET HOME - MORNING

Excited, Charlie watches TV as he gets dressed for school.

ON TELEVISION, a picture of 9-YEAR-OLD AUGUSTUS GLOOP is in
the corner of the screen.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

While America slept, the first
Golden Ticket was found by 9-year-
old Augustus Gloop of
Perchtoldsdorf, Austria.

ON CHARLIE as his face falls.

EXT. PERCHTOLDSORF, AUSTRIA - DAY

Flags fly from the windows, as a parade moves by with full
fanfare. Huge banners read: "BRAVO, AUGUSTUS GLOOP"
"AUGUSTUS GLOOP TAKES A LUCKY GOBBLE!"

AUGUSTUS rides on a FLOAT made entirely out of CHOCOLATE.
HE is an enormously fat BOY who looks as if he's been blown
up with a powerful pump.

Next to Augustus sits his MOTHER, also quite large. A
REPORTER interviews Augustus who breaks off pieces of the
chocolate float and stuffs them into his mouth as he talks.

AUGUSTUS

The nib of the cacao bean contains
an average of 54% cocoa butter. I
hear that Mr. Wonka has found a way
to squeeze 62% fat from his beans
to make chocolate so thick that
walls can be made out of it. So
watch out Wonka because after I
leave your factory you'll need to
do some serious rebuilding.

Augustus breaks off another huge piece of the float.

JOURNALIST

Mrs. Gloop, you must be so proud!

MRS. GLOOP

Oh, I just knew Augustus would find
a Golden Ticket.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GLOOP (CONT'D)

He eats so many candy bars a day
that it was almost impossible for
him not to find one. Eating is his
hobby, you know.

Augustus stuffs more of the float into his pudgy mouth.
Mrs. Gloop licks her thumb and reaches over and wipes
chocolate from Augustus's chin. Then she puts her thumb in
her own mouth and SUCKS off the residue.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Charlie walks home from school. He passes STORES packed
with PEOPLE with signs in the windows: WONKA BARS SOLD
HERE! Empty stores have signs: WONKA BARS SOLD OUT. He
continues down the street and approaches...

EXT. WONKA'S FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The PRESS presence has grown. The area outside the gates is
teeming with journalists. Helicopters still hover above.

Charlie turns and heads toward...

EXT. PRATCHETT'S STORE - CONTINUOUS

As Charlie approaches the store he passes a group of
TEENAGE KIDS ripping off the wrappers of WONKA BARS and
throwing the precious, uneaten chocolate into a GARBAGE
CAN. Charlie watches in horror as a priest would an infidel
burning a CROSS. Charlie enters the store.

INT. PRATCHETT'S STORE - CONTINUOUS

The store is PACKED WITH CUSTOMERS. MR. PRATCHETT, working
busily behind the counter, checks the WALL CLOCK -- it's
4:30 on the button. Charlie watches enviously as the lucky
people buying Wonka Bars rip off the wrappers in hope of
finding a Golden Ticket. Charlie walks up to the counter.

CHARLIE

Tomorrow's my Birthday and I always
get my favorite, A Wonka Fudge-
mallow Delight--

PRATCHETT

--Too busy to visit today, Charlie.

Charlie nods and heads to the back of the store to the NEWS
AND MAGAZINE STAND and peruses the various MAGAZINES COVERS
virtually all devoted to WONKA: NEWSWEEK: WONKA MANIA.
TIME Magazine: WILLY WONKA - TIME MAN OF THE YEAR. PEOPLE
MAGAZINE: WHERE'S THE MAN BEHIND THE MAGIC?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie picks up the NEW YORK TIMES and looks at the cover at a picture of A GIRL. The a headline reads:

PEANUT HEIRESS SHELLS FOR GOLD.

PUSH IN on THE GIRL as she comes to life. We hear...

THE SOUND OF A DOOR SLAMMING!

INT. PEANUT FACTORY - DAY

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD VERUCA SALT SLAMS A DOOR again and again. Her FATHER pleads with his willful daughter as he washes down a fistful of ASPIRIN with a glass of Scotch.

MR. SALT

Veruca, honey, please stop. It's not helping us find the ticket!

In the background we see hundreds of MEN and WOMAN standing over conveyor belts lined with thousands of Wonka Bars, unwrapping each one in search of a GOLDEN TICKET.

VERUCA

Not until I get my Golden ticket!
You promised me you'd find one. I never get anything I want!

Mr. Salt covers his ears as Veruca continues to slam the door open and shut.

VERUCA (CONT'D)

They don't want to find it because they're all jealous of me!

MR. SALT

Princess, they're trying their hardest. There hasn't been a single nut shelled in this factory since this damn contest was announced.

She continues SLAMMING the door. He snaps.

MR. SALT (CONT'D)

Stop slamming that door, darling. It's going to bloody come unhinged!

She stops slamming the door and stamps her foot.

VERUCA

Then I'm going to hold my breath until you find me my ticket!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Veruca takes a deep breath and begins to hold it. Mr. Salt yells out to all his workers.

MR. SALT
Faster people, *faster*.

He turns back to look at his daughter who is turning blue.

MR. SALT (CONT'D)
Veruca, stop that.

VOICE OS
--I found it!!! I found it!!!

A big commotion erupts from inside the factory. Yelling. Applauding. A WORKER HOLDS UP THE GOLDEN TICKET.

VERUCA gasps for air and runs into the factory. SHE GRABS the ticket out of the hand of the EXHAUSTED WORKER. She holds the ticket up in the air and waves her arm.

VERUCA
I got it! I found it!

VOICES OS
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, Charlie!!!

INT. BUCKET HOME - MORNING

Dressed in pajamas Charlie enters the main room with a big birthday smile. He hurries over and jumps on his grandparent's BED and sits there nervous with anticipation.

Mrs. Bucket hands Charlie a wrapped box. First he shakes it. Then, without delay, he rips open the package and pulls out a bright red homemade, KNIT SCARF. Charlie smiles, masking his disappointment with exaggerated enthusiasm. He wraps the scarf around his neck.

CHARLIE
Thanks, mom. I love it!

GRANDPA JOE
Should we give him the other thing?

GRANDPA GEORGE
Nah! He's probably not interested in the other thing.

CHARLIE
What other thing? Yes I am!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mrs. Bucket smiles and hands Charlie a WONKA WHIPPLE-
SCRUMPTIOUS FUDGEMALLOW DELIGHT BAR, on top of which rests
a birthday candle. She lights it.

MRS. BUCKET
Happy Birthday, Darling.

Charlie squeals with delight.

CHARLIE
Thank you thank you thank you. My
favorite in the world!!!

Charlie closes his eyes and makes a wish.

GRANDPA JOE
Wonder what he's wishing for.

Everyone laughs nervously as Charlie blows out the candle.
The Grandparents prop themselves up on their pillows and
stare anxiously at the candy bar in Charlie's hands.

Charlie runs his fingers slowly back and forth along the
length of it, savoring it. The shiny paper wrapper makes
sharp crackly noises in the quiet room.

MRS. BUCKET
Don't be too disappointed, Charlie,
if you don't find what you're
looking for under that wrapper.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE
After all, in the whole wide world
there are only three tickets left
to be found.

GRANDMA GEORGINA
The thing to remember is that
whatever happens, you'll still have
your favorite bar of candy.

The Grandparents and Mrs. Bucket all nod in agreement.

GRANDPA JOE
But you never know.

MRS. BUCKET
Dad!

GRANDMA GEORGINA
Joe!

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)
I'm just say'n. Could get lucky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Secretly, they all know that Grandpa Joe is right -- And so all the grandparents, and even Mrs. Bucket, look as tense and excited as Charlie.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

Open it, Charlie. You'll be late for school.

Finally, Charlie's fingers tear open one small corner of the wrapping paper as all the adults lean forward, craning their necks. Then, he can bear the suspense no longer. Charlie tears the wrapper down the middle and yells...

CHARLIE

I got it!

Every jaw in the room drops! Their faces register *SHOCK*.

GRANDPA JOE

Let me see, Charlie

Charlie opens the wrapper and holds up...

A CHOCOLATE CANDY BAR. NO SIGNS of a GOLDEN TICKET.

CHARLIE

I was just kidding.

It takes a moment for them to adjust.

MRS. BUCKET

You sure had us, Charlie!

GRANDPA JOE

(brightly)

That was a good one.

Charlie looks up. Four kind old faces watch him intently. A dutiful smile invades his face.

LARRY KING'S VOICE OS

Do you even like Chocolate or is it just about *winning*?

Close on VIOLET BEAUREGARDE

a pre-teen GIRL talking fast and loud while chewing ferociously upon a piece of gum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VIOLET

Winning! Definitely. I'm a gum chewer, normally, but when I heard about these Golden Tickets, I laid off the gum and switched to candy bars hoping to get lucky. Now I'm back on gum. I chew it all day, except during meals, when I take it out and stick it behind my ear for safekeeping.

WE PULL OUT TO REVEAL...

Violet's TARTY MOTHER and NEARLY BALD FATHER sitting next to her. SALLY BEAUREGARDE wears inappropriately tight clothes and chain smokes, and SAL BEAUREGARDE is as slick as they come. Across from the Beauregardes sits...

LARRY KING, who jockeys for a chance to jump in.

LARRY KING

--Fascinating! Mr. and Mrs. Beauregarde, how do you feel about--

VIOLET

--My mother says it's not ladylike to see a girl's jaw chomping all the time, but who is she to criticize? She's so busy smoking like a chimney it's a wonder she finds the breath to complain.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

Violet! That's enough!

VIOLET

All right, Mother, don't get your panties in a bunch!

Violet turns to a stunned Larry King...

VIOLET (CONT'D)

It may interest you to know that this piece of gum I'm chewing is one I've been working on for over three months solid. It's beaten the record held by my best friend, Cornelia Prinzmetel. The thing is...
(into the camera)
I always win!

MRS. BUCKET'S VOICE OS

He can't win. It's impossible.

INT. BUCKET HOME - NIGHT

Mrs. Bucket stands by the Grandparents bed and goes at it with Grandpa Joe as the other Grandparents listen on.

MRS. BUCKET

These are rich kids buying hundreds of bars. I can't compete with that. I can barely put enough food on the table. I know you mean well, Joe, but Charlie looks up to you; he listens to you; and you're telling him to live in a fantasy.

GRANDPA JOE

I'm telling him to live with hope.

MRS. BUCKET

Well I don't want to see his heart broken.

GRANDPA JOE

Helen, I don't have much to give him. I can't give him a father. Or expensive toys, or even a proper pair of shoes. But I'll be damned if while I'm still sucking air I'm not going to give that boy hope.

Mrs. Bucket and Grandpa Joe stare at each other.

REPORTER'S VOICE OS

While the world goes on searching for the fifth and final Golden Ticket, here in the Mid-west it's actually happened!

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON 10-YEAR-OLD MIKE TEAVEE.

INT. TEAVEE HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

The Teavee home is CRAMMED with excited visitors, but MIKE TEAVEE, lucky winner number FOUR, is annoyed by the whole business as he tries to focus on his PLAYSTATION VIDEO GAME - RESIDENT EVIL - hooked up to his BIG-SCREEN TV. On his head he wears VIRTUAL REALITY GLASSES.

MIKE is a freckle-faced, beady-eyed TECHNOLOGICAL WHIZZ who exudes cool. His eyes are glued to the screen as he shoots with a VIRTUAL-MACHINE GUN at ZOMBIES on the screen. He wears the newest in hip grunge and has major attitude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A JOURNALIST in the crowd calls out to Mike.

JOURNALIST

Mike, how does it feel to have won?

DOZENS OF JOURNALISTS stand poised to record his answer.
Mike talks without diverting his attention from his game.

MIKE

Can't you goons see I'm busy?
You guys live out there.

He gestures toward his VR mask.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I live in *here*, where everybody
knows me. The future of the world
is in Global technology and I'm the
master.

JOURNALIST

What are you playing, Mike?

MIKE

Resident Evil. I'm the only one in
the world who's ever gone through
every secret level -- Killed more
zombies than anyone ever. I also
rule in Grand Theft Auto. I love
pumping gangsters full of lead! And
with HDTV, it's virtually real!

MRS. TEAVEE sticks her face in front of the camera.

We pull out and see that we're ...

INT. BUCKET -- EARLY EVENING

Three of the grandparents SNORE LOUDLY in the bed. Grandpa
Joe watches TELEVISION.

MRS. TEAVEE

I serve all Mikie's dinners right
here. This way he doesn't have to
interrupt his game.

The sound of A DOOR CLOSING.

GRANDPA quickly clicks off the TELEVISION.

ANGLE ON Charlie, entering the house. He looks discouraged.

CHARLIE

I heard. Tickets three and four.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grandpa Joe can see Charlie's hope slipping away. He beckons Charlie closer. Charlie comes and stands beside the bed. Grandpa Joe gives a sly grin, and then rummages under his pillow with one hand.

GRANDPA JOE

Shhhh.

He pulls his hand out from under his pillow and clutched in his fingers is an ANCIENT LEATHER PURSE. Under cover of the sheets, Grandpa Joe opens the purse and tips it upside down. Out falls several SILVER DOLLARS. Charlie's eyes light up with surprise. Grandpa Joe whispers...

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)

It's my secret hoard. Saved for a rainy day. And now, you and I are going to have one more fling at finding that last ticket. How about it, eh?

CHARLIE

Are you sure you want to spend your money on that, Grandpa?

GRANDPA JOE

One good thing about having nothing to lose, is you can risk everything. Besides, I'm just as crazy as you are to find that ticket!

Grandpa holds up one silver dollar.

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)

Take this and run to the nearest store and buy the very first Wonka bar you see and bring it straight back, and we'll open it together.

Charlie gives Grandpa a determined smile. Then, he takes the silver coin and per his Grandpa's orders, runs...

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie runs along railroad tracks, past WONKA'S FACTORY, and straight to...

PRATCHETT'S SWEET SHOP where, displayed IN THE WINDOW is...

A SINGLE WONKA'S NUTTY CRUNCH SURPRISE BAR.

Charlie takes a deep breath, and enters.

INT. PRATCHETT'S SWEET SHOP - CONTINUOUS

A sign above the counter: LIMIT 3 WONKA BARS PER CUSTOMER.

The shop is filled with people buying WONKA BARS. Pratchett doesn't notice Charlie enter.

Charlie waits impatiently in line as people buy WONKA BARS, barely getting out the door before ripping off the wrappers to look for the LAST illusive GOLDEN TICKET.

A LADY stands in front of Charlie with her 2 spoiled kids.

WOMAN

3 Wonka bars please.

SON

Why not three for each of us?

MR. PRATCHETT

What kind?

WOMAN

It doesn't matter.

PRATCHETT

Of course it matters! They're all completely diff--

DAUGHTER

Hurry!

WOMAN

--Three for each. And for me, too.

An annoyed Pratchett hands 9 Wonka Bars to the undiscerning woman who in turn hands them to her thankless kids who grab them and begin tearing off the wrappers with zero regard for the precious chocolate underneath.

PRATCHETT

Next!

Mr. Pratchett looks to the next customer and is surprised to find himself face-to-face with CHARLIE.

PRATCHETT (CONT'D)

Too busy to visit today, Charlie--

CHARLIE

--I'm not here to visit.

Charlie hands Mr. Pratchett his SILVER DOLLAR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
A Wonka's Nutty Crunch Surprise,
please.

Mr. Pratchett takes the dollar and examines it.

PRATCHETT
Just one? It's a number's game you
know.

CHARLIE
Just one.

Pratchett looks at Charlie. Then, he begins to reach behind
THE CURTAIN behind the counter when Charlie pipes up...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
The one in the window. The Nutty
Crunch Surprise.

PRATCHETT
I though Fudgemallow Delight is
your favorite.

CHARLIE
It's the one I saw first.

Pratchett pauses, and then goes to the window and reaches
into the display and returns to the counter with the bar.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Thanks.

Charlie takes the Candy Bar and runs from the store.

INT. BUCKET HOME - MINUTES LATER

As Charlie sprints inside, Grandpa Joe's eyes shine with
excitement. The others still sleep. They whisper.

GRANDPA JOE
Have you got it?

Charlie nods and holds out the bar of candy. Grandpa Joe
adjusts himself up in the bed and rubs his hands together.

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)
Good! Now... come over here and
we'll open it together.

Charlie moves close to Grandpa Joe.

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)
Are you ready?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Ready.

GRANDPA JOE

Okay. You tear off the first bit.

CHARLIE

You paid for it. You do it all.

Grandpa Joe's fingers tremble as they fumble with the bar.

GRANDPA JOE

We don't have a hope, really. You do know we don't, don't you?

CHARLIE

I know that.

They look at each other, and both start giggling nervously.

GRANDPA JOE

Mind you, there is just that *tiny* chance that it *might* be the one, don't you agree?

CHARLIE

Of course. Open it, Grandpa.

GRANDPA JOE

Which end do you think I ought to open first?

Charlie points to the corner furthest from Grandpa Joe.

CHARLIE

That corner. Just tear off a *tiny* bit, but not enough for us to see anything.

Grandpa Joe does as Charlie says.

GRANDPA JOE

Like that?

Charlie nods.

CHARLIE

Now a little bit more.

Grandpa hands the bar to Charlie.

GRANDPA JOE

You finish it. I'm too nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

No, Grandpa. You've got to do it.

GRANDPA JOE

Okay. Here goes.

Grandpa Joe steals himself and TEARS OFF THE WRAPPER. They both stare at what lay underneath:

A BAR OF CHOCOLATE. Nothing more.

Immediately, they both see the humor in the whole thing, and burst into peals of laughter, waking Grandma Josephine.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

What the heck's going on?

INT. BUCKET HOME - MORNING

CHARLIE sits at the table and eats a bowl of cereal. The Grandparents sit up in bed and watch television, sewing ANOTHER CURTAIN PANEL. It's obviously cold in the house as all have knitted scarves wrapped around their necks.

ON TELEVISION, THE U.S. PRESIDENT ELECT stands on the steps of the Capitol with his WIFE by his side. She holds a bible on which he places his left hand. Before them stands the CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT. In the background, a MILITARY BAND plays as a crowd of thousands watches on.

THE GRAPHIC reads: U.S. PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION

VOICE ON TELEVISION

We interrupt this program for a special report.

The television cuts to...

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

NEWS ANCHOR

Just moments ago, the fifth and final Golden Ticket was found. The last lucky winner is Sigfus Siggardson of Selfoss, Iceland--

Grandpa Joe turns off the TV. All eyes turn to Charlie who manages a brave smile as he looks at Grandpa Joe.

CHARLIE

Sorry, Grandpa Joe.

GRANDPA JOE

We tried, Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Yeah. Have a good day everybody.

Charlie walks out the door. Their hearts sink.

EXT. WILLIAM WONKA MIDDLE SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON

A BLIZZARDY DAY. NANNIES and PARENTS arrive in cars to pick up kids protecting them from the foul weather. Charlie trudges through the snow with the icy wind in his face.

He arrives at the WONKA FACTORY GATES. As always, he gazes longingly inside. Then, more quickly than usual, Charlie turns and continues on. He passes Pratchett's store which is once again without customers. Charlie keeps walking.

We linger on the window where Pratchett stands, watching Charlie walk away.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Charlie walks for a moment when suddenly his EYE IS CAUGHT by... a GREENISH-COLORED PIECE OF PAPER in the snowy gutter. Charlie STOPS DEAD. He steps off the curb and bends down to examine it. Part of it is buried under the snow. Suddenly, HIS EYES LIGHT UP LIKE CHRISTMAS.

IT'S A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL!

Charlie quickly looks around him. Did somebody just drop it? PEOPLE hurry past him on the sidewalk, their chins sunk deep in the collars of their coats, none of them searching for money or taking the slightest interest in Charlie crouching in the gutter.

Charlie carefully pulls THE MONEY out from under the snow. It's damp and dirty but otherwise PERFECT. Then, he turns and SPRINTS back toward...

INT. MR. PRATCHETT'S SWEET SHOP - A MOMENT LATER

Charlie BURSTS IN and drops the damp TWENTY DOLLAR BILL on the counter. Charlie waits for a moment and then reaches up to the counter and impatiently PUNCHES THE COUNTER BELL. Finally, MR. PRATCHETT emerges from behind THE CURTAIN and looks up at the wall clock which reads: 4:40.

PRATCHETT

You're late.

Pratchett looks down and sees the TWENTY DOLLAR BILL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

One Wonka Whipple-Scrumptious
Fudgemallow Delight, please.

PRATCHETT

The contest is over.

CHARLIE

So what.

Pratchett examines the BILL and then reaches behind him for a WONKA FUDGEMALLOW DELIGHT BAR and hands it to Charlie. Charlie TEARS off the wrapper and takes an ENORMOUS BITE. Then another. And another. As he crams chunks of CHOCOLATE into his mouth his face registers SHEER BLISS.

MR. PRATCHETT

Doesn't anyone feed you?

Mr. Pratchett takes the DAMP TWENTY DOLLAR BILL and puts Charlie's change on the counter. Charlie scarfs down the entire bar without pause. Then, deeply satisfied, he smiles. He reaches to take the change when, quietly...

CHARLIE

I'll have one more. The same kind.

Pratchett looks hard at Charlie. Then, he disappears behind the curtain and returns with another FUDGEMALLOW DELIGHT BAR. He takes a dollar from Charlie and hands him the bar. Charlie puts the uneaten WONKA BAR inside his COAT POCKET for safe keeping.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The snow continues to fall, but somehow Charlie seems less cold than before. He reaches into his pocket when a LOOK OF PANIC sweeps across his face. HE STOPS.

Charlie pulls his EMPTY, HOLEY pocket inside out. He spins around and begins to retrace his steps when there, a few paces away, resting on the snow, is his WONKA FUDGEMALLOW DELIGHT BAR. Relieved, he picks it up and heads towards home, clutching the bar like gold.

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - CONTINUOUS.

As Charlie approaches THE ELECTRONICS STORE, a CROWD OF PEOPLE overflow from the store out onto the street.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie PUSHES his way through the excited throng to see what the commotion is about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN IN THE CROWD

It's a fake! The Icelandic guy is a
fake! There's still a fifth ticket!

Charlie FREEZES before a WALL OF TELEVISION SETS each tuned
to a station that reports the same news in a different
language -- ENGLISH. JAPANESE. SPANISH. FRENCH...

As people around him BUZZ at the revived DREAM, Charlie
looks down at the Wonka Bar in his hands. Then, without
pause or ceremony, he RIPS OFF the wrapper revealing...

A BRILLIANT FLASH OF GOLD.

Charlie is STUNNED!

Within seconds, people in the crowd begin to notice, and
cluster around him. More push their way in from outside.
Everyone wants to get a look at the GOLDEN TICKET and the
BOY who found it.

WOMAN

Hey! The kid found a golden ticket!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Le'me see that! How much you want
for that?

The STORE MANAGER makes his way to Charlie.

STORE MANAGER

What's your name, son?

CHARLIE

Charlie Bucket.

The STORE MANAGER yells out to the crowd.

STORE MANAGER

Charlie Bucket is the 5th winner!

The MANAGER lifts Charlie's arm high in the air like a
victorious PRIZE FIGHTER. People grab at Charlie and his
ticket. It's all he can do to hold on to IT as he stands in
a DAZE, barely believing that this is happening to HIM.
His heart thumps wildly as he holds tightly onto the ticket
while the crowd around him pushes and shouts and shoves.

The STORE MANAGER pushes Charlie through the crowd and out
the EXIT, blocking for him as he goes.

STORE MANAGER (CONT'D)

Run home, kid! Run home and don't
stop until you get there!

EXT. STORE - CONTINUOUS

With the speed and buoyancy of a superhero, Charlie races out the door and down the street back in the direction of...

EXT. PRATCHETT'S STORE - CONTINUOUS

As Charlie approaches the store he STOPS, surprised to find a sign on the door that says...

CLOSED.

He hesitates for a moment and then, runs toward home.

INT. BUCKET HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie BURSTS through the front door, shouting...

CHARLIE

*Mom! Grandpa! Grandma! Grandpa!
Grandma!*

Mrs. Bucket is in the main room, serving the grandparents soup. Charlie rushes to the bed like a hurricane.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

*Look! I've got it! The last Golden
Ticket! It's mine! I found some
money and I bought a bar and I've
found it!*

Mrs. Bucket stands and stares, while the four grandparents, sitting up in bed balancing bowls of soup on their laps, all drop their spoons with a CLATTER and freeze against their pillows. For a moment no one moves. There is an absolute silence that seems magical. Then, softly...

GRANDPA JOE

*You're pulling our legs, Charlie,
aren't you? You're having another
little joke? There are no more--*

CHARLIE

*--I am not! I swear. The fifth
ticket was a fake. This is the
fifth ticket. The one I found!*

Charlie holds the GOLDEN TICKET for them to see. Grandpa Joe leans forward and takes a close look, his nose almost touching the ticket. The others wait for a verdict.

Then, slowly, Grandpa Joe lifts his head and looks straight at Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

Color rushes to his cheeks, and his eyes begin to dance and he takes a deep breath and suddenly, with no warning whatsoever, he **THROWS UP HIS ARMS** and **YELLS...**

Yipppeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

In one fantastic leap, 96 year-old Grandpa Joe jumps onto the floor and does a dance of victory in his pajamas. Everyone is stunned, especially Charlie who has NEVER seen Grandpa Joe dance, let alone get out of bed unattended.

Yippeeeeeeeeeee! Three cheers for
Charlie! Hip, hip, hooray!

Joe, relax! You'll hurt yourself.
Let me see that ticket, Charlie.

Read it outloud.

It says to please arrive at ten o'clock sharp in the morning on the first day in the month of February.

That's tomorrow!

You're just in time. There's not a moment to lose. You must prepare at once! Wash your hair, comb your face, scrub your hands, brush your nose, blow your teeth--

--Everyone stay calm. Listen to this...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. BUCKET (CONT'D)

It says you're allowed to bring
with you one or two members of your
family to look after you!

She looks up.

MRS. BUCKET (CONT'D)

I don't know how I can miss work on
such short--

GRANDPA JOE

--No problem. I'll go!

Everyone looks at Grandpa Joe. Charlie smiles, thrilled at
the prospect of being accompanied by his partner in crime.

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)

I mean, only if you think missing
work would be a problem.

MRS. BUCKET

Are you sure you're up to it, Joe?

CHARLIE

Of course he's up to it.

GRANDPA JOE

Fit as a fiddle.

As Grandpa Joe pats his abdomen to prove his point he sways
in dizziness, grabbing the bed post for support.

MRS. BUCKET

Okay. If you really think you can--

GRANDPA JOE

Yippeeeeeeeeeee!

Joe seizes Charlie by the hands and begins dancing around
the room when there's A LOUD KNOCK at the FRONT DOOR.

Mrs. Bucket opens the door to SWARMS OF JOURNALISTS AND
PHOTOGRAPHERS who push past her and into the tiny house.
Dozens of bulbs FLASH, temporarily blinding Charlie...

CUT TO:

EXT. WONKA'S FACTORY - MORNING

MORE FLASHING BULBS...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An ENORMOUS CROWD has amassed outside the gates of Wonka's factory to greet the FIVE LUCKY TICKET HOLDERS who are shielded by POLICE. PAPARAZZI shout out the kids' names like they're MOVIE STARS.

PAPARAZZI

Veruca! Veruca!

Dressed in a MINK COAT, Veruca Salt turns like a pro for her CLOSE UP.

PAPARAZZI (CONT'D)

Mike! Over here! Violet! Augustus!
Charlie Bucket! Hey, kid!

Charlie turns to the press and smiles his truest smile. GABRIEL AND DANNY, are among the crowd cheering him on.

The ticket holders and their parents crowd the FACTORY ENTRANCE, barely able to contain their excitement.

Off in the DISTANCE, a CHURCH CLOCK strikes TEN. THE CROWD gawks through the gates waiting for something to happen.

Suddenly, the LARGE RED DOOR leading into the factory OPENS. The crowd GASPS and then, breaks out in cheers.

Charlie and Grandpa exchange looks of nervous excitement. Augustus bites on his coat sleeve. Violet stops chewing. Everyone's eyes are riveted to the OPEN RED DOOR. Then...

A RED CARPET magically ROLLS OUT extending from the RED DOOR to the LOCKED IRON GATES. Next...

TRUMPETS SOUND.

The crowd holds it's collective breath, waiting for someone to emerge. NOTHING HAPPENS. A BUZZ spreads throughout the crowd. WHERE IS WILLY WONKA?

ON CHARLIE riveted to the front door when...SOMEONE TAP HIM from behind.

MAN'S VOICE

Pardon me, young man.

Charlie turns and sees...

A MAN

dressed in a plum-colored velvet tail coat and bottle green trousers. On his hands are pearl-gray gloves in which he holds a GOLD-TIPPED WALKING CANE. There's something calm and mysterious about this MAN with a TWINKLE in his eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The man pulls out a FLAT BLACK DISK and flicks it in the air causing it to POP UP into an EXTREME TOP HAT. He places it on his head and reaches into his pocket and pulls out...

A MASSIVE GOLDEN KEY.

Charlie's eyes grow wide with excitement, COULD IT BE...?

Then, one-by-one, each child and parent turns and SEES.

Almost immediately the press realizes that WILLY WONKA has appeared as magically and surprisingly as expected...

MEMBERS OF THE CROWD

There he is. Look, there he is!
It's Wonka. He's outside the gates.

PAPARAZZI

Mr. Wonka. Willy. Over here. Willy!

As the CROWD parts for WONKA, he steps up to the gate, and places the GOLDEN KEY inside the HUGE RUSTED IRON LOCK. Then, with the loud CREAKING of rusty hinges, the great iron gates of Wonka's factory SWING OPEN.

Wonka spreads his arms wide and smiles at the five children clustered near the gates.

WONKA

Welcome, my friends! Welcome to my
Factory!

The crowd BURSTS OUT IN APPLAUSE.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Please present your Golden Ticket!

Augustus Gloop starts to enter when Veruca Salt PUSHES past him and holds out her hand to shake Mr. Wonka's.

VERUCA

My name is Veruca Salt.

WONKA

My dear Veruca! What a pleasure
this is! You do have an interesting
name, don't you?

VERUCA

Yes, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WONKA

I always thought that a Veruca was a sort of wart that you got on the tip of your nose! But I must be wrong, mustn't I?

Wonka turns to Mr. Salt beaming behind Veruca.

WONKA (CONT'D)

And this must be your father?

Mr. Salt steps forward and pumps Wonka's hand.

MR. SALT

Quite a spread you got here, Wonka.

Wonka ignores him and takes his golden ticket.

Next Violet Beauregarde pushes past Augustus and shoots out her hand to shake Wonka's.

VIOLET

Violet Beauregarde!

WONKA

Nice to see you, Violet. Quite a grip you've got there.

Violet beams as she chomps on her gum. Her father suddenly juts his hand into the mix.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Sal Beauregarde, Attorney at Law.

He hands Wonka a business card.

MR. BEAUREGARDE (CONT'D)

Slip or fall, give Sal a call.

WONKA

And a poet, too. Welcome, sir. And Mrs. Beauregarde.

Wonka reaches over and pulls the CIGARETTE from Mrs. Beauregarde's mouth and puts it in his pocket, still lit.

WONKA (CONT'D)

So nice to have you here.

As he takes the Golden ticket out of Violet's hand, Mike Teavee slinks in front of Wonka.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Mike Teavee, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIKE TEAVEE

The one and only.

Wonka shakes his hand.

WONKA

There is a God.

He turns to the proud Mr. and Mrs. Teavee.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Mr. and Mrs. Teavee, welcome.

Augustus finally makes his way through. His parents are barely visible behind his mass.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Augustus Gloop! Nice to have you here. All of you!

The Gloop parents pop out from behind their son.

WONKA (CONT'D)

And your parents, too.

He shakes their hands heartily.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's get a move on, we have so much to--

Wonka starts to shut the gate when Charlie slips through.

WONKA (CONT'D)

--So sorry, my dear boy! Barely saw you standing there. You're the one who found your ticket only yesterday, aren't you? Yes, I read all about it in this morning's papers! And just in time! I'm so happy for you! And this is--

CHARLIE

--My Grandpa Joe.

WONKA

Delighted to meet you, sir!
Enraptured! Enchanted! Enthralled!
All right! Excellent! Is everybody present and accounted for?

He turns and counts..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WONKA (CONT'D)

Let's see, one-two-three-four--
five... Yes! Good!

Wonka looks out at the crowd and bows good-bye dramatically. As he smiles he utters under his breath...

WONKA (CONT'D)

Too many freaks, not enough
circuses.

As the GATES CLOSE, Wonka turns to his guests.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Now, follow me! And please, don't
wander off by yourselves! I
shouldn't like to lose any of you
at this stage of the proceedings!

ON CHARLIE who stops and looks over his shoulder at the great IRON GATE closing BEHIND HIM. A satisfied smile spreads across his face!

ON WONKA as he passes through the RED DOOR leading inside the Factory.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Through this door, please.

As the others follow, the portal mysteriously begins to SHRINK. As each person passes through, it becomes a TIGHTER-AND-TIGHTER SQUEEZE. AUGUSTUS, the last to enter, has a particularly hard time.

AUGUSTUS

I can't fit!

MRS. GLOOP

Squeeze, my leibschén. Squeeze!

Wonka calls from down A LONG HALLWAY that stretches as far as the eye can see. The walls are a softly lit pale pink.

WONKA

Hurry along. Hurry along. We have
lots to see and do and... eat!

And with that last word of encouragement, Augustus Gloop PUSHES THROUGH! The door slams shut behind him.

THE GROUP pushes and shoves its way down the hall trying to keep up with Wonka who slips further and further ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

WONKA (CONT'D)

Get a move on, please! We'll never
get round today if you dawdle!

Wonka impatiently checks his watch as the group collects.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Now *this*, my dear friends, is the
main corridor. Please hang your
coats and hats, and follow me.

Everyone hangs their outerwear on an available peg shaped
and colored like a CANDY CANE. AUGUSTUS LICKS THE PEG
before hanging his coat. *Ummm*. Tastes good. He leans in
again and this time BITES OFF THE TIP which immediately
GROWS BACK. Augustus stares in amazement.

WONKA (CONT'D)

On we go.

ON WONKA who turns right off the main corridor into another
slightly narrower passage. The others hurry to catch up.
Wonka turns left. Then left again. Then right. Then left.
Then right. Then right. The place feels like a gigantic
rabbit warren with passages leading in every direction.

ON CHARLIE who runs to catch up with Wonka. Wonka is aware
of the boy who clings closely to his side, but he never
looks down.

CHARLIE

I guess it's been a long time since
you've had people here.

Wonka keeps walking without responding.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

But there must be some people here
or how else would you run things?--

Wonka makes a sharp left down an even narrower passage
cutting Charlie off in all ways. He calls out to the group.

WONKA

--Notice how these passages slope
downwards! We are now going
underground! All the most important
rooms in my factory are deep down
below the surface.

CHARLIE

Why is that? Got something to hide?

Charlie smiles, trying to create an intimacy with his hero.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

VIOLET

That is so stupid. What could he possibly have to hide?

WONKA

Oh, my dear Violet, Mr. Bucket is smarter than he sounds! I have plenty to hide. And there wouldn't be nearly *enough* space to hide it all up on top. But down here, under the ground, I've got all the space I want so long as I hollow it out! I'm not fond of limits.

CHARLIE tries hard to stay apace with Wonka.

CHARLIE

Do you ever get lost down here?

Wonka finally looks at Charlie. He points to his own head.

WONKA

Only up here.

Charlie smiles knowingly: *Two great minds.*

The passages slope STEEPER and STEEPER down hill until Wonka finally stops in front of a DOOR that says:

THE MAP ROOM.

Wonka takes out another massive key and opens the door.

INT. MAP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The group enters what looks like a top-secret WAR ROOM.

The walls are filled with a wildly intricate GRID which Wonka taps proudly with HIS GOLD-TIPPED CANE. Suddenly, the grid COMES TO LIFE with COLORS and LIGHTS and MOVEMENT.

WONKA

Ladies and Gentlemen... the wondrous world of Wonka!

All look on in fascination, *ooing and awing.*

WONKA (CONT'D)

But today, we focus only on....

With Wonka's cane he TAPS a MINISCULE area of the grid.

WONKA (CONT'D)

...this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone strains to see when suddenly the minute area magnifies into a SATELLITE IMAGE that covers the ENTIRE WALL, leaving the rest of Wonka's world to our imagination.

Names of rooms can be read -- The Chocolate Room, The Invention Room, The Testing Room, The Dark Chocolate maze, The Rock Candy Mountain, Gummy Land... Arrows point every which way. It's fascinating and confusing all at once.

ON CHARLIE as he leans forward to study the map.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Oh, dear. I have *no* manners. Can I offer anyone something to drink?

Suddenly, 13 CUPS push out of the WALL and are filled by steaming HOT CHOCOLATE that pours from taps.

Charlie's eyes nearly pop from his head.

CHARLIE

Grandpa, look. Hot chocolate!

WONKA

Please dispense with all common terminology. This is no ordinary hot chocolate. This is Wonka's pure Liquefied Steamed Milk Fudge.

Augustus has already grabbed a cup.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Please, help yourselves.

The rest of them take a cup and begin to drink.

CHARLIE

Even the cup is chocolate.

Grandpa licks his cup. He and Charlie are in heaven.

VERUCA

Daddy, I want a hot chocolate machine like this at home.

MR. SALT

Okay, Darling. We'll see to that.

Augustus bites his chocolate cup and spills on himself. Charlie examines the steaming liquid in his chocolate cup.

CHARLIE

The cup isn't melting?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wonka notes Charlie's observation, then points to the MAP.

WONKA

And here in lies the secrets to the
world's finest Chocolate, the
sweetest sugars, the chewiest
chews, the fudgiest fudge, the
tartiest tarts--

VIOLET

--So how do we win a lifetime
supply this stuff?

WONKA

Ah, the nitty gritty!... Pay
attention.

Wonka points his cane to a spot on the far side of the map
and TAPS A SPOT.

WONKA (CONT'D)

You are here.

He walks to the other end of the map and TAPS ANOTHER SPOT
labelled EXIT.

WONKA (CONT'D)

The Child who exits here by 5:00 PM
today, is the winner!

MIKE TEAVEE

That's it?

WONKA

That's it. Today will be part tour,
part competition.

VIOLET

What kind of competition?

WONKA

One that will test the critical
qualities it takes to be a winner
in Wonka's World.

ON AUGUSTUS GLOOP who smiles confidently.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Culinary appreciation and
expertise...

ON MIKE TEAVEE...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WONKA (CONT'D)
Technological sophistication,...

ON VERUCA SALT....

WONKA (CONT'D)
Cunning,...

ON VIOLET clinching her jaw intensely...

WONKA (CONT'D)
Competitive spirit,...

ON CHARLIE sharing an excited smile with Grandpa Joe.

WONKA (CONT'D)
And, of course, pure imagination!

ON WONKA

WONKA (CONT'D)
The only tools necessary are those
you have hopefully brought with you
today -- Speed, precision,
cleverness, ingenuity, alacrity,
perspicacity, audacity, tenacity
and, most important of all,
imagination. Now...

Wonka looks up at the confused faces.

CHARLIE
So what are the rules?

WONKA
Rules? Ah, the rules. I'm so very
glad you asked. What a tragedy that
would be to let you loose out there
without understanding the rules.

Wonka SNAPS his fingers THREE TIMES when, from out of the
technicolor WALL MAP steps...

A SMALL, MAN with a full head of orange hair atop a rather
large head. Everyone stares at the odd looking man who
seems to have appeared out of nowhere. He walks to Wonka's
side and smiles showing beautiful white teeth. The top of
his head comes just above Wonka's knee.

WONKA (CONT'D)
Meet Mr. Woompa. My closest and
most trusted associate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MR. WOOMPA turns toward the group and bows graciously. Then he stands upright and examines the group carefully. Suddenly, he lets out a strange uncontrollable giggle.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Mr. Woompa, we mustn't be rude to our guests. Now, please, the rules.

Mr. Woompa collects himself and then, turns to the group.

MR. WOOMPA

Contestants must comply with all the competition rules and the result will be final. There is to be no whining, complaining, double-talking, double-dipping, unnecessary touching, trespassing, lateral passing, or passing the buck. The winners of each challenge will proceed to the next level. Should a winner be unable to participate in the subsequent challenge due to disappearance, dismemberment, disfunction, or death--

PARENTS

--Death?--

MR. WOOMPA

--he or she will be considered eliminated.

MIKE TEAVEE

Awesome!

MR. WOOMPA

These rules may not be supplanted subrogated, substituted or modified in any way (except by Mr. Willy Wonka himself). And no exceptions may be made.

Mr. Woompa steps back out of the way.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

What the hell does all that mean?

CHARLIE

Last person left standing... wins!

Wonka taps his nose and points at Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WONKA

Bingo! Now, how to get out of here.

Wonka looks around. Everyone's head spins toward the DOOR which is GONE.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Where is that pesky door.

Everyone looks around nervously. Only Augustus still sits, gobbling up the CHOCOLATE CUP which held his hot chocolate. Suddenly, Augustus calls out as if reading...

AUGUSTUS

Look up, stupid.

Everyone looks UP, except Augustus who stares into the bottom of his chocolate cup at the words: LOOK UP, STUPID.

ANGLE UP...

CHARLIE

There it is!

Charlie points up dozens of feet NEAR THE CEILING.

WONKA

Of course!

Wonka pushes a button causing the floor to RUSH UP toward the ceiling. There are gasps and screams until the floor STOPS just as suddenly revealing a door with a sign that reads:

THE CHOCOLATE ROOM.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen... the nerve center of my factory; the heart of the business! And so beautiful! I insist upon my rooms being beautiful! I can't abide ugliness!

VERUCA

Me neither.

Wonka looks at Veruca, his eyes smiling with irony; then he OPENS THE DOOR.

WONKA

In we go, my dear children! But don't lose your heads! Keep very calm! And remember the rules!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Wonka steps aside for the group to enter.

INT. THE CHOCOLATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As they push their way in, the stunned look of awe on each and every face suggests that whatever they are looking at is SOMETHING TO BEHOLD.

ON A BREATHTAKING VALLEY

with GREEN MEADOWS, where along the bottom there flows a GREAT BROWN RIVER. Halfway along the river, there is a tremendous WATERFALL, and a steep cliff over which the water curls in a solid sheet, and then crashes down into a boiling churning whirlpool of froth and spray.

Below the waterfall, ENORMOUS GLASS PIPES dangle down into the river from high up in the ceiling. The pipes suck up the brownish water, and carry it away to SOMEWHERE.

Graceful trees and bushes grow along the riverbanks -- Weeping Willows and Alders and tall clumps of colorful Rhododendrons. In the meadow are thousands of BUTTERCUPS!

CHARLIE

It must have been so hard to close
this place. What happened that you--

WONKA

--There! It's all chocolate!

Wonka points his cane at the great brown river.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Every drop of that river is hot
melted chocolate of the very finest
quality. The waterfall is most
important. No other factory in the
world mixes it's chocolate by
waterfall! But it's the only way to
do it properly. The only way.

CHARLIE

That's why it melts and doesn't
chip like other kinds of--

Mesmerized by his own world, Wonka continues on...

WONKA

--And do you like my trees? And my
bushes? All eatable!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eyes open wide and mouths water as they look around in awe. Especially Augustus who falls to the ground and grabs a handful of grass and begins to graze like a cow.

AUGUSTUS

Yum. The grass is *minty*. And sweet.

WONKA

Not grass! *Swudge*. Try a blade,
everyone. Please, it's delectable!

Everyone bends down and picks a blade of grass. Violet takes the piece of record breaking gum from her mouth and sticks it behind her ear.

GRANDPA JOE

I could eat the whole field.

WONKA

And try the flowers.

Wonka bends down and picks one of the hundreds of beautiful LILIES from the field. He hands it to Charlie who eats it.

CHARLIE

Imagine if you dipped this in
chocolate!

Wonka turns to Mr. Woompa who stands nearby.

WONKA

No gilding the lily. Mr. Woompa,
add that to my list of rules.

Suddenly, the air is filled with screams of excitement! Everyone turns and finds VERUCA SALT pointing frantically to the other side of the river.

VERUCA

Look! Over there! More funny-
looking small people. Like Mr.
Woompa. There! Beneath the fall.

Everyone stops and looks across the river where DOZENS OF SMALL PEOPLE seem to be hard at work.

CHARLIE

She's right! Look, Grandpa.

GRANDPA JOE

I see them!

They rush to the edge of the river to get a closer look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WONKA

Everyone, meet my family, the Oompa Loompas.

EVERYONE

Oompa-Loompas! Oompa-Loompas!

ON CHARLIE as his face fills with recognition.

CHARLIE

The little shadows! Those are the workers.

WONKA

Imported direct from Loompaland.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

There is no such place.

WONKA

Excuse me my dear lady, but--

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

--Mr. Wonka, I teach geography--

WONKA

--Then you'll know all about it. Thick jungles infested by the world's most dangerous beasts -- hornswoglers and snozzwangers and those wicked whangdoodles who would eat a dozen Oompa-Loompas for breakfast. Oompa-Loompas live off of the cocoa bean, but in Loompaland they were starving because they couldn't get to the beans without being attacked by the beasts. So I brought them here, where they have all the Cocoa beans they could ever want!

CHARLIE

You mean they're stuck here 24-7?

WONKA

Gum gets stuck, my dear boy. The Oompa-Loompas exercise prerogative to be here, where they have a far better life than they would in Loompaland.

Mr. Beauregarde utters under his breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Said that about the slaves in GONE
WITH THE WIND.

VERUCA

Daddy! I want an Oompa-Lompa! I
want you to get me an Oompa-Loompa
right away to take home with me!

MR. SALT

All right, Veruca, all right.

Suddenly, a steamy mist rises up from the chocolate river,
out of which appears...

A FANTASTIC PINK BOAT

with a tall front and a tall back. It shines and sparkles
as though it is made of bright, PINK GLASS. Oars on both
sides are being pulled by MASSES OF OOMPA-LOOMPAS!

WONKA

This is my private yacht! I made
her by hollowing out an enormous
boiled sweet! Isn't she lovely?

Wonka beams with pride as his gleaming boat glides up to
the riverbank. The Oompa-Loompas rest on their oars and
stare up at the visitors. Then, for some unknown reason,
they burst into SHRIEKS OF LAUGHTER.

VERUCA

Why are they laughing?

CHARLIE

Maybe they think you're funny
looking.

WONKA

Don't worry about them! They think
everything is a colossal joke.

VERUCA

Daddy, I want a boat like this! I
want you to buy me a--

WONKA

--We're losing time here. You do
want a shot at that lifetime supply
of chocolate don't you?

EVERYONE

Yes! Of course! Definitely!

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

Parents, hop aboard.

The parents and Grandpa Joe board the boat.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Sure this thing floats, Wonka?

WONKA

Of course I'm sure. At least it
does when I'm on it alone.

The parents look worried as they each take a seat.

MIKE

What about us?

VIOLET

Where do we sit?

WONKA (CONT'D)

Boys and Girls, choose your water-
craft.

From out of nowhere, 5 SMALL BOATS drift toward shore. Each
is different and fantastic looking. The kids gasp in
excitement, tripping over each other in an effort to choose
the one they want.

VIOLET dashes for the aerodynamic-looking cigarette boat.

MIKE pushes past Augustus and snags the awesome GUNBOAT.

VERUCA grabs the one covered in beautiful candied flowers.

AUGUSTUS goes for the one made entirely out of MARSHMALLOW.

After admiring them all, CHARLIE finds himself at the last
one left -- the plainest, least impressive boat of the lot.

WONKA (CONT'D)

The first competition! A race down
the world's most treacherous
Chocolate River. Mr. Woompa, please
explain the rules.

MR.WOOMPA steps off of Mr. Wonka's boat. He clears his
throat then, he looks intensely at each kid in their boat
and, lets out a burst of uncontrollable giggles.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Mr. Woompa, please. The rules.

Mr. Woompa snaps into serious mode.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MR. WOOMPFA

Last one to reach the shore, will
promptly be shown the Factory door.

MIKE TEAVEE

That's it?

Suddenly, the Oompa-Loompas push Wonka's boat away from the bank and begin to row swiftly down the river.

WONKA

Girls and Boys get ready, get
set... See you at the bottom!

Wonka swipes his arm down like he's signalling the beginning of the INDIE 500.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

Did he say the bottom?

The large boat begins to move down the river, trailing the children in their small motorcraft.

ON CHARLIE as he heads down the river. His boat PICKS UP SPEED as the current increases. He looks over his shoulder and sees...

VIOLET BEAUREGARDE intensely pursuing the lead. Charlie remains a half length ahead of her. The river gets narrower and narrower as he heads toward...

A DARK TUNNEL resembling an enormous pipe.

ON CHARLIE as he races toward the tunnel when his boat hits a chocolate swirl and gets stuck behind A HUGE NUT ROCK.

VIOLET WHIZZES BY HIM.

ON VIOLET, intense determination in her eyes as she speeds into the tunnel.

ON CHARLIE who manages to get unstuck and heads for the tunnel, but not before...

MIKE TEAVEE whizzes past him and enters first.

Next Veruca enters the tunnel. And finally, Augustus who pulls off a piece off of his marshmallow boat and stuffs it into his pudgy mouth leaving a SMALL HOLE in it's place.

ON WONKA jumping up and waving his stick in the air.

WONKA

Full speed ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GRANDPA JOE

Marvelous. Just marvelous.

The Oompa-Loompas row FASTER AND FASTER as the boat shoots into the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

IT'S PITCH BLACK. The passengers scream with excitement.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE'S VOICE

Can they see where they're going?

Wonka hoots with laughter.

WONKA

There's no knowing where they're going!

SCREAMS are heard from the kids up ahead. Then the adults.

WONKA (CONT'D)

*There's no earthly way of knowing
Which direction they are going!
There's no knowing where they're
rowing, Or which way the river's
flowing! Not a speck of light is
showing, so the danger must be
growing, For the rowers keep on
rowing, And they're certainly not
showing Any signs that they are
slowing...*

MR. SALT'S VOICE

He's insane!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE'S VOICE

Completely nuts!

MR. BEAUREGARDE

He's a law suit waiting to happen!

WONKA'S VOICE

Switch on the lights!

ON CHARLIE AS...

The tunnel LIGHTS UP BRILLIANTLY. They're inside a gigantic pipe with great upward-curving walls that are PURE WHITE and SPOTLESS. Charlie looks around in astonishment.

The Chocolate river flows fast inside the pipe as the Oompa-Loompas row like crazy rocketing along at a furious pace, as do each of the kids, jockeying for position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Faster! Faster! Faster still.

Wonka CLAPS his hands and laughs, glancing at the adults to see if they're enjoying it as much as he is. THEY'RE NOT. EXCEPT GRANDPA who is over the moon.

ON CHARLIE noticing a BIG GREEN DOOR set into the wall of the tunnel. As he whizzes by, he points...

CHARLIE

Look, Grandpa!

STOREROOM #54. ALL THE CREAMS - DAIRY CREAM, WHIPPED CREAM, VIOLET CREAM, COFFEE CREAM, VANILLA CREAM AND HAIR CREAM.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hair cream?

WONKA

Row on! There's no time for silly questions!

They streak past a BLACK DOOR:

STOREROOM #71. WHIPS ALL SHAPES AND SIZES.

VIOLET

Whips! What the heck do you use whips for?

Suddenly, they HEAR the CRACKING OF A WHIP, followed by a loud SCREAM!

WONKA

For whipping cream, of course.

Then, they pass a YELLOW DOOR:

STOREROOM #77 - ALL THE BEANS - COCOA BEANS, COFFEE BEANS, JELLY BEANS, HAS BEANS.

VIOLET

Has beans?

WONKA

Absolutely! You're one yourself.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

How rude!

WONKA

No time for arguing. Press on!.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They WHIZ out of the tunnel, into CLASS 5 RAPIDS, toward...
A MASSIVE WATERFALL!

MR. SALT

Is that a--?

GRANDPA JOE

--Holy Moses!

WONKA

Stop the boat!

The Oompa-Loompas jam their oars into the river and back water furiously. The BOAT STOPS.

ON THE KIDS, unable to stop their boats. They twist and turn around ROCKS made of GIANT NUTS in the white knuckle ride of their lives.

ON CHARLIE as he cuts in front of Violet and fearlessly heads for the WATERFALL riding the rapids like a pro.

ON VIOLET following close behind, her hair plastered back by the wind. She looks back and sees MIKE TEAVEE on her tail, looking mesmerized and terrified all at once.

VERUCA and AUGUSTUS are neck and neck, their faces frozen with fear. It's anyone's guess who'll hit the fall first when, out of nowhere, Augustus's boat begins to FILL WITH CHOCOLATE.

AUGUSTUS

Help!

ON CHARLIE who hears Augustus yell and turns back to see...

AUGUSTUS's body sinking beneath the boat. Only his head is still above the marshmallow surface appearing like the center of some bizarre dessert -- a gruesome sight!

ON a panicked MRS. GLOOP.

MRS. GLOOP

My poor Augie doesn't swim!

WONKA

Your poor Augie is contaminating my pristine chocolate!

MR. GLOOP

Oh, my lord in heaven, he's wearing my good suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. GLOOP

Your suit? Our son is going to
drown! Do something!

ANGLE ON THE KIDS... CAREENING OVER THE FALL'S EDGE
struggling to stay inside their boats.

ON CHARLIE as he gleefully flies down the waterfall.

CLOSE ON VERUCA who cries the whole way down...

VERUCA

Daaaadddddddyyyyyyy!!!

ANGLE ON AUGUSTUS, completely out of his boat and
struggling violently to keep his head above the surface.
His massive body BOBS straight toward the FALL.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE, VIOLET, AND MIKE TEAVEE

as his their boats plummet to the river below and race
toward the shore. Violet and Charlie pull ahead. They speed
along, neck and neck. Then, at the last minute, Violet cuts
Charlie off in a death defying move and speeds past him to
shore, raising her hands in VICTORY. Charlie arrives a
second later. Then Mike. Then a wrecked Veruca. They turn
to see...

AUGUSTUS GLOOP TUMBLING OVER THE FALL. Only his chubby
APPENDAGES are visible, flailing out of the fall's froth.

INT. WONKA'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Wonka shakes his head as the Gloops look on in horror.

WONKA

Poor, poor boy. Row on!

The Oompa-Loompas row toward the fall.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

This boat can't make it down that!

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Wonka, I insist that you stop this--

It's too late. THE BOAT glides over the edge of the fall
like a paper airplane, practically soaring through the air.
The parents grab on for dear life, SCREAMING. Wonka raises
his head in the wind wearing a satisfied smile. Grandpa Joe
lifts his arms over his head and HOOTS with joy, like a kid
on a rollercoaster.

(CONTINUED)

ON AUGUSTUS being SUCKED CLOSER AND CLOSER toward the mouth of one of the great GLASS PIPES that dangles down into the river. Suddenly, the powerful suction takes hold of him completely, PULLING HIM under the surface.

ON THE KIDS trying to spot Augustus as Wonka's boat pulls up to shore.

CHARLIE

Where is he?

VIOLET

There!

ON AUGUSTUS, SLOWLY MOVING UP inside A GLASS PIPE.

VERUCA

Is that pipe big enough for him?

CHARLIE

I don't think so. He's slowing down. He's gonna stick.

MRS. GLOOP

Oh, my lord.

Inside the pipe the chocolate swishes around Augustus, building up behind him in a solid mass, pushing against the blockage. Then, WHOOF! Augustus SHOOTS UP like a TORPEDO.

MIKE

Awesome! He must have the thrust to weight ratio of an f-16! Look at him... he's pulling at least 9-gs.

The parents watch in horror. Mr. Beauregarde pulls a BUSINESS CARD from his wallet and hands it to Mr. Gloop.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

You've got a hell of a suit here, Gloop.

WONKA

Keep calm. Keep calm. There is no danger! No danger what so ever. Augustus has gone on a little journey to the fudge room, that's all. A pity, though to be eliminated in such a way.

CHARLIE

How can he possibly come out of it just fine. He'll be made into fudge!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WONKA

Inconceivable!

CHARLIE

Why?

Mrs. Gloop begins SOBBING. Veruca Salt Snickers.

MRS. GLOOP

My poor Augustus. They'll be
selling him by the pound.

Mr. Wonka chortles.

MR. GLOOP

You think this is a joke, Wonka?

WONKA

Not at all. There is nothing funny
about it. Imagine! Augustus-
flavored chocolate-coated Gloop! No
one would buy it.

MR. GLOOP

(indignantly)

They most certainly would!

WONKA

Well, let's be thankful we don't
have to find out.

He turns and snaps his fingers sharply, three times.
Immediately, Mr. Woompa appears by his side.

WONKA (CONT'D)

I want you to take Mr. and Mrs.
Gloop up to the Fudge Room and help
them to find their son, Augustus.

Mr. Woompa takes one look at Mrs. Gloop and explodes into
peals of laughter.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Oh, do control yourself! And hurry!
If you leave him in for too long,
he's liable to get poured out into
the fudge boiler, and that really
would be a disaster. My fudge would
become quite uneatable! Or worse.
Once an Oompa-Loompa fell in and
got his whole left side cut off.

Mrs. Gloop lets out a shriek of fury.

(CONTINUED)

WONKA (CONT'D)

Not to worry, he's all "right" now.

More shrieking!

WONKA (CONT'D)

I'm joking. Forgive me. I'm so
sorry. Good-bye, Mr.Gloop! Mrs.
Gloop.

And as the Oompa Loompa's lead the Gloops away, past the
kids, they begin singing a very odd song.

OOMPA-LOOMPA'S

Augustus Gloop! Augustus Gloop!
The great big greedy nincompoop!
How long could we allow this beast
To gorge and guzzle, feed and feast
On everything he wanted to?

Wonka is clearly amused.

WONKA

Aren't they delightful? But you
mustn't believe a word they say.
It's all nonsense. Every bit of it.

Charlie turns to Wonka.

CHARLIE

He really is gonna be okay, right?

Wonka winks at Charlie. Then...

WONKA

Alright...one down...or up I should
say. And...

He turns to the other kids and points as he counts...

WONKA (CONT'D)

One, two, three...

Landing on Charlie last.

WONKA (CONT'D)

...four to go!

Wonka and Charlie lock eyes.

CHARLIE

You mean three.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WONKA

We'll see. Let's not lose track of
the time!

Wonka walks on ahead leading the group to...

A LARGE PURPLE DOOR that says:

INVENTION ROOM - PRIVATE - KEEP OUT.

Wonka TAPS the door with his gold-tipped cane and a
miniature version of the MAP we saw earlier appears. He
points to a SPOT causing it to light up.

WONKA (CONT'D)

We are here... the most important
room in the factory...where all my
most secret inventions are cooking!
Old Fickerlgruber would give his
front teeth to be allowed inside!
So would Prodnose and Slugworth...

He turns and starts to move past, muttering...

WONKA (CONT'D)

...and all the other rotten
chocolate makers.

CHARLIE

--Can't we go inside?

Wonka stops and turns back.

WONKA

Oh, dear me no! No one ever goes
inside here. Not even the Oompa-
Loompas. Not even Mr. Woompa. On we
go, our next competition awai--

CHARLIE

--But this is what we came to see.
You can trust us...

Charlie looks around at the group for support.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Can't he?

They all stare dumbly at Charlie...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Can't he!

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA JOE

Of course he can.

They all nod yes!

VIOLET

Definitely.

MIKE TEAVEE

Totally.

Wonka looks each of them squarely in the eye. They stare back with intense trustworthiness and innocence.

ON VIOLET crossing her fingers behind her back.

WONKA

Alright. But listen to me! I want
no messing about when you go in!
No touching, no meddling, and no
tasting! Is that agreed?

Everyone nods yes! WONKA unlocks and opens the door revealing...

ANOTHER DOOR.

He takes out another key and opens it. And there is...

ANOTHER DOOR.

Wonka takes out yet another KEY and opens the next door. Finally...

A ROOM.

ON CHARLIE as his eyes light up with wonder.

INT. INVENTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

One by one they enter.

CHARLIE wanders wide-eyed around what looks like a gigantic WITCH'S KITCHEN, with all sorts of Rube Goldberg-like contraptions. BLACK METAL POTS boil and bubble on huge stoves. Kettles HISS and pans SIZZLE and strange iron machines CLANK and SPLUTTER, and pipes run all over the ceiling and walls, and the place is filled with smoke and steam and delicious rich smells.

ON WONKA who becomes even more excited than usual. He hops about among the saucepans and machines like a child among his Christmas presents, not knowing what to look at first. He lifts the lid from a huge pot and takes a sniff; then he rushes over and dips a finger into a barrel of sticky yellow stuff and tastes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then he runs over to A MACHINE, a small shiny affair that goes phut-phut-phut, and every time a LARGE GREEN MARBLE-like thing drops out of it into a metal container below. Wonka calls out proudly...

WONKA

Everlasting Gobstoppers!

Everyone hurries over.

WONKA (CONT'D).

They're completely new! I'm inventing them for children who have very little pocket money. You can put an Everlasting Gobstopper in your mouth and they taste terrific, and they change color once a week and you can suck it and suck it and suck it and it will never get any smaller. Never!

Charlie's eyes light up.

CHARLIE

I knew it!

Charlie suddenly looks very serious.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Can they really be everlasting?

WONKA

Oh, yes. These Gobstoppers were put through the Wonka Eternivator. It's a complicated process and unfortunately we don't have the time to--

CHARLIE

--Can you apply it to anything other than melted sugar? Couldn't you make other things everlasting, too?

WONKA

Let's hopefully stop short of this day, shall we!

Wonka skips excitedly across the room to the opposite wall.

ON VIOLET as she surreptitiously reaches into the basket of Gobstoppers and GRABS A HANDFUL. CHARLIE SEES VIOLET STEAL THE CANDY. He watches as she shoves them into her pocket.

(CONTINUED)

WONKA (CONT'D)

Now, over here--

CHARLIE

--I mean like a person?

Wonka's attention is yanked back to Charlie.

GRANDPA JOE

Charlie, there's a big difference
between candy and a human be--

WONKA

--Funny you should mention that.
I'm currently putting certain
members of my Oompa-Loompa family
through the Eternivator process.

CHARLIE

So there's a chance it could work
for other kinds of people, too--

WONKA

--I can't seem to hear you so well.
The acoustics in here are dreadful!
Now, over here, if you all step
this way, I will show you something
I am terrifically proud of...

Charlie looks frustrated as he walks toward Wonka who
stands next to a huge contraption that drop-by-tiny-drop
squeezes out a kind of DRINK.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Fizzy Lifting drinks! These are
fabulous! They fill you with
bubbles full of a special kind of
gas that lifts you right off the
ground like a balloon.

MIKE TEAVEE

Let's try it!

WONKA

Oh no-no-no-no-no-no-no--

KIDS

--Please! Please let us!

WONKA

(without pause)

Okay. Challenge number 2.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Wonka walks over to the machine and pulls a massive lever. The machine HICCUPS and SHAKES then a STRANGE BLUE LIQUID begins to flow from its spout. Wonka fills 11 small glasses and hands each person one.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Bottoms up!

Wonka downs his drink and HICCUPS loudly.

Charlie and Grandpa CLINK their glasses like they're making a toast. Then, down the hatch for both.

Then Mike Teavee and the Teavees.

Violet starts to drink hers...

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Hold on, Violet. This stuff has not been FDA approved and--

WONKA

It most certainly has, tested and approved by the Fizzy Drink Association.

VIOLET

--Stuffit, Dad. Let your hair down.

Bottoms up for Violet.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

She's got a point dear.

Mrs. Beauregarde drinks.

Everyone waits for something to happen.

WONKA'S VOICE

Isn't this fantastic!

MIKE TEAVEE

What's so fantastic?

ON CHARLIE who looks up.

CHARLIE

That!

Everyone looks up to find...

WONKA, floating up to the ceiling. Then Charlie floats up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GRANDPA JOE

Charlie, you're flying!

Charlie's face fills with glee as Grandpa Joe floats up, too. Then, up goes Violet.

ON MRS. BEAUREGARDE. She looks up and is mortified...

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

Violet, you're not wearing any--

Suddenly, she lifts off the ground too. Mr. Salt looks up.

MR. SALT

Neither are you, madam.

Mr. Beauregarde shoves Mr. Salt.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Keep your eyes to yourself.

Then, both Mr. Beauregarde and Mr. Salt float up, PUSHING AND SHOVING as they go. Then up goes Mike Teavee, and Veruca and so on and so on until everyone is bobbing up and down in the air at least 30 feet above the ground.

VERUCA

Daddy, I want to have this at my birthday party. This is so much better than a stupid yacht ride!

MR. SALT

We need to talk, Wonka. You and I can do some business together.

Mrs. Beauregarde looks down and turns green.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

How do you get down?

WONKA

That's the challenge. I gave some to an old Oompa-Loompa out in the back yard and he went up and up and disappeared out of sight! Never saw him again.

CHARLIE

He should have burped!

GRANDPA JOE

Charlie!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WONKA

Of course he should have burped!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

You mean to tell me the only way to get down is to burp?

WONKA

Unless of course you'd like to relieve yourself of the fizzy gas some other way.

VERUCA

How rude!

WONKA

Round two, for a Bonus Prize. First one down wins!

Immediately, Violet Beauregarde lets out the loudest, most incredible BURP, and down she drops several feet.

VERUCA

Disgusting!

Next Charlie takes a deep breath and lets out a series of loud BURPS. With each one he drops another few feet. He and Violet are neck-and-neck. Grandpa Joe howls proudly.

MR. TEAVEE

Come-on game-boy, what are you waiting for?

Mike Teavee finally burps, once. He drops slightly.

VERUCA

I'm not doing this.

WONKA

Suit yourself. The gas should wear off in a week or so.

Veruca looks disgusted as she closes her eyes and tries to force herself to burp. But instead, she lets out the loudest, most disgusting FART. Down she drops.

Violet looks up...

VIOLET

Who's disgusting?!

Each parent begins to burp. Grandpa Joe flies past the others in a belching concerto. Wonka is the first one down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Violet and Charlie are almost down when suddenly, Charlie lets loose with an incredible series of STACCATO BURPS and touches the ground...He and Violet spin toward Wonka...

WONKA

And it's Charlie Bucket by a belch!

CHARLIE

Yes!

Violet seethes, as one-by-one the others burp their way to the bottom.

WONKA

Onward!

Wonka begins heading for the door.

GRANDPA JOE

What about Charlie's Bonus Prize?

Wonka turns back in an absentminded haze. Then...

WONKA

Ah, the Bonus Prize. Of course.

He walks past the group and over to an odd looking machine that takes up most of an entire wall.

WONKA (CONT'D)

This! This is my most ingenious invention of all. My prized, Whatcha-Ma-Doodle Machine.

He presses a button and a loud BANG occurs. Everyone JUMPS. Charlie and Grandpa share an excited look. Suddenly, wheels begin to turn, and GREEN SMOKE pours from the chimney-like spout at the top. Through a glass window in the center, we see things spin by, each a different color, shape and size.

WONKA (CONT'D)

You never know what you're gonna get from this machine. You could end up with anything from a What-Cha-Ma-Callit, to a Thing-A-Ma-Jig.

Wonka jumps up and hangs from a LEVER, forcing it toward the floor with the all of his weight. Then, he lets the lever fly up. As it does, the center spins like a massive slot machine, AROUND AND AROUND until finally, it stops on a glass window revealing...

A SMALL SHIMMERING GREEN CANDY -- like Charlie tasted in Pratchett's store. Wonka's eyes alight with excitement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

WONKA (CONT'D)

I don't believe it! I've been
trying to get this one for years.

CHARLIE

What is it?

Wonka slides open the door and takes out the GREEN CANDY.

WONKA

Oh my, you lucky, lucky boy! In all
the world there is only one of
these, you know. In fact, I'm happy
to trade it, right now, for a
guarantee that you will make it to
the final round!

MIKE TEAVEE

Hey!

VIOLET

No fair.

VERUCA

Daddy!

GRANDPA JOE

Can you tell him what it is?

WONKA

Of course I'll tell him what it is.
As soon as he accepts my offer.

Everyone stares at Charlie. Taking the deal would put him
that much closer to A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF CHOCOLATE.

CHARLIE

I think I'll--

WONKA

--Of course, I could be bluffing.
This could be nothing more than a
boiled sweet.

CHARLIE

I'll take it.

WONKA

The offer?

VIOLET

The candy?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The What-Ch-Ma-Callit.

Charlie takes the green candy from Wonka's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

WONKA

Oh, this is no what-cha-ma-call-it!
This is the world's one and only
and ever Second-Chance-A-Doodle!

Charlie examines it closely.

EVERYONE

A what?

WONKA

This tiny treat offers you, a one
time only... second chance. It can
bring you back from the brink!
Breathe life into a stone.

Charlie stares at it, imagining the possibilities.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Time's awasting! On we go.

Wonka turns and opens A NEW DOOR, this one leading out of
the room. He holds it open for everyone to exit.

ON CHARLIE who excitedly turns to Grandpa Joe and whispers.

CHARLIE

With this, we'll never need a
chocolate casket!

They share a smile, but in Grandpa's there's a little
sadness. Charlie pockets the SECOND CHANCE-A-DOODLE.

INT. OUTSIDE THE INVENTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wonka skips across the passage and down the hall. Everyone
follows him to a pair of glass doors that SLIDE OPEN.

MIKE TEAVEE

What is this thing?

WONKA

This is my Glass Wonka-Vator. Hurry
up. Chop chop.

The children and the grown-ups enter. Wonka follows.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

WONKA

Now then, which button shall we
press first?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie looks around in astonishment. There are BUTTONS everywhere. The THICK GLASS WALLS, and even the GLASS ceiling are covered with rows and rows of small, BLACK PUSH BUTTONS with a LABEL attached to each.

WONKA (CONT'D)

This isn't just an ordinary up-and-down elevator! This elevator can go sideways and longways and slantways and any other way you can think of! It can visit any room in my factory no matter where it is! You simply press a button and you're off!

GRANDPA JOE

Fantastic!

Grandpa Joe's eyes shine with excitement as he stares at all the buttons. Charlie starts reading the labels.

CHARLIE

THE ROCK CANDY MINE... STRAWBERRY
JUICE WATER PISTOLS... EXPLODING
CANDY FOR YOUR ENEMIES...

MIKE TEAVEE

Excellent!

CHARLIE

INVISIBLE CHOCOLATE BARS FOR EATING
IN CLASS... I like that one.

VIOLET

Is there a *gun* room?

WONKA

Yes, as a matter of fact there--

MIKE TEAVEE

--How about a *Video Room*?

MR. WONKA

It's all here. Now off we go to our next challenge!

Wonka leans over and pushes A BUTTON. Instantly, there is a loud WHIZZING NOISE. The doors CLANG SHUT and the elevator leaps away as though it's been stung by a wasp. But it leaps sideways! And all the passengers except Wonka are flung off of their feet onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wonka ROARS with laughter. And just as the passengers stagger back to their feet, the elevator changes direction and SWERVES VIOLENTLY round a corner, and over they all go again. The elevator rushes on at the SPEED OF A ROCKET.

MRS. TEAVEE

Help!

WONKA

Take my hand, madam.

She does.

WONKA (CONT'D)

There you are! Now grab this strap!
Everybody grab a strap.

Grandpa Joe staggers to his feet and catches hold of a strap. Charlie can't reach so he puts his arms around Grandpa Joe's leg and holds tight.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Hold on.

The elevator begins to climb. It shoots up and up and up on a steep slanty course. Then, it drops like a stone.

GRANDPA JOE

Here we go!

While Violet, Veruca and Mike cling to their petrified parents, Charlie pushes himself away from Grandpa Joe and presses his face against the glass wall.

CHARLIE'S POV: he catches glimpses of strange and wonderful things going on in various rooms in the factory:

An ENORMOUS SPOUT with BROWN STICKY STUFF oozing out of it.

A great, CRAGGY MOUNTAIN made out of FUDGE with Oompa-Loompas hacking huge hunks of fudge out of it's sides...

A lake of HOT CARAMEL with steam coming off it.

Wonka enjoys this as much as Charlie and Grandpa, while the others hold on for dear life.

Then, as the elevator begins to flatten out, it seems to be going faster than ever and we can hear the SCREAM of the WIND outside as it hurls forward, and twists, and turns.

Mrs. Teavee is TURNING GREEN in the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WONKA

I sure hope no one's using the
other elevator right now.

MRS. TEAVEE

What other elevator?

WONKA

The one that goes the opposite way
on the same track.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

I hope you've got good insurance,
Wonka!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

Who cares about insurance! We're
about to be crushed.

WONKA

Oh, I don't think so. I've been
lucky so far.

The next moment there's a screaming of brakes, and the
elevator begins to slow down. Then it stops altogether. The
doors of the elevator slide open revealing...

MR. WOOMPA.

He stands there like a valet, holding the door. As everyone
rushes to exit, Wonka sticks out his cane to block them.

MR. WONKA

Just a minute! One at a time..

Wonka exits first followed by the YOUNG PEOPLE and Grandpa
Joe. Then, Mrs. Teavee attempts to get out when...

A LOUD, PIERCING ALARM SOUNDS and a RED LIGHT FLASHES above
a sign above the door that reads: AGEOMETER

MR. BEAUREGARDE

What's this about, Wonka?

Wonka looks at Mr. Woompa who shakes his head and giggles.

WONKA

I'm afraid this area is strictly
for youth.

Mr. Salt points at Grandpa Joe.

MR. SALT

Why did he get through?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MRS. BEAUREGARDE
And what about you?

WONKA
People in glass elevators should
not throw stones.

Wonka looks at Mr. Woompa for the answer.

WONKA (CONT'D)
Mr. Woompa?

MR. WOOMPA
The Wonka Ageometer measures youth
and it's myriad aspects with a zero
percent false positive rate.

WONKA
In that case, onward! The minutes
are ticking away and a lifetime
supply of chocolate awaits a lucky
winner.

GRANDPA JOE
Why don't I stay here.

CHARLIE
Grandpa, you love this stuff.

GRANDPA JOE
I'll just slow you down, Charlie.
You go and show them what you got.

Grandpa steps back inside the WONKA-VATOR. Wonka follows
him inside and as the doors close, Grandpa Joe calls out...

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)
Charlie!

Out of the closing doors comes flying GRANDPA JOE'S WATCH.

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)
Watch the time.

Charlie catches it.

INT. WONKA-VATOR - CONTINUOUS

Wonka addresses the parents and Grandpa Joe.

WONKA
Relax. You'll be able to see your
children at all times through the
glass just below or, right here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wonka pushes a button and a FLAT SCREEN MONITOR rises out of the floor. The KIDS in the hall appear on the screen.

WONKA (CONT'D)

And if you need me for absolutely anything, just press this button.

Wonka points to a BLACK BUTTON on the wall.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Oh, and if you're hungry for a little something, please help yourself to the mini-bar.

Mrs. Teavee opens the MINI-BAR. They all look to see what exciting treats await. Their faces fall as they see...

A PLATE OF FRESHLY CUT VEGETABLES.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WONKA-VATOR - CONTINUOUS

ON THE KIDS huddled together speaking in hushed tones.

VIOLET

A what?

CHARLIE

An alliance!

VERUCA

That is so stupid.

CHARLIE

Stupid is competing against each other and leaving with nothing. As it stands, only one of us is gonna win -- and that's if any of us make it out of here in one piece. Do the math, a quarter of a life-time supply of chocolate or nothing -- which is exactly what three of us are going to end up with. I say all for one and one--

VERUCA

--Forget it! What's the fun of sharing when you can have it all!

MIKE

Face it! You're all toast. I'm the gaming champion around here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Yeah, I saw how you zoomed down those rapids!

VIOLET

Maybe Charlie's got a point.

Charlie looks at Violet, surprised.

MIKE

Yeah, on the top of his head.

Veruca laughs.

VIOLET

Well I'm in. All for one!

CHARLIE

Excellent.

Wonka hurries down the hall past the children.

WONKA

Come on. No time for dawdling!

As the kids hurry after him, the Wonka-Vator ascends with the parents seen PRESSING THEIR FACES against the glass.

VIOLET

What's the next challenge--?

WONKA

--Wait!

Wonka suddenly SKIDS to a halt in front of A DOOR. So close on his heels are the kids that they CRASH into him.

WONKA (CONT'D)

I am very proud of my square candies that look round.

They crowd at the door and peek inside the glass window.

Inside are rows and rows of small white square-shaped CANDIES that look like SUGAR CUBES except that each one has a funny little pink face painted on one side. At the end of the table Compa-Loompas busily paint faces on more candies.

MIKE TEAVEE

They don't look round to me.

VERUCA

They look completely square!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WONKA

But they are square. I never said
they weren't.

VERUCA

You said they were round!

CHARLIE

He said they look round.

VERUCA

But they don't!

WONKA

Are you always this painfully dull?

Veruca looks horrified by this insult.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Now watch this!

Wonka FLINGS THE DOOR OPEN. The eyes painted on all the
rows of square candies QUICKLY LOOK AROUND.

THE KIDS watch with blank expressions except CHARLIE who
bursts out laughing like he gets the funniest joke ever.

VIOLET

What's so funny?

CHARLIE

Look 'round... get it?!

Charlie makes an exaggerated face imitating the candies
looking around. Charlie's total surrender to the joke makes
Wonka smile. He starts down the corridor.

WONKA

Hurry, hurry! So much time, so
little to do...

(beat)

Wait!

Wonka stops on a dime. The kids freeze. What?

WONKA (CONT'D)

Reverse that.

Wonka hurries on. Charlie catches up with him.

CHARLIE

What about round candies that look
square! Ever thought of that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WONKA

Would you be willing to pose?

Violet bursts out laughing.

VIOLET

Now that's funny!

Charlie shoots her a dirty look.

Wonka turns left. He turns right. Then right again. Then, they come to a long flight of stairs. Wonka slides down the BANNISTER. One-by-one the kids follow.

ON CHARLIE as he flies down the banister with abandon and jumps off at the bottom hurrying to catch up with Wonka.

CHARLIE

How do the candies actually move?

Wonka hurries along. The next door they come to says:

THE NUT ROOM. KEEP OUT! YOU'D BE NUTS TO ENTER.

WONKA RUSHES PAST.

VERUCA

Squirrels!

They turn to find Veruca peeking in the NUT ROOM window. They go back to see what she's looking at.

WONKA

We have no time. Round 3 awaits.

The kids peer in and see A HUNDRED SQUIRRELS seated on high stools around a large table on which there are mounds and mounds of walnuts. The squirrels shell the walnuts at a tremendous speed.

CHARLIE

Why use squirrels and not Oompa-Loompas?

WONKA

Only squirrels can get walnuts whole out of the shell every time. And I insist upon using only whole walnuts.

They look over and see that before the squirrels open any walnut, they TAP EACH ONE with their knuckles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHARLIE

What are they doing?

WONKA

They're tapping the nut to make sure it's not a bad one. If it's bad, it makes a hollow sound, and they throw it down the garbage chute. There! Look!

A squirrel TAPS a walnut shell with his knuckles. He cocks his head to one side listening intently, then he throws the nut over his shoulder into a large hole in the floor.

VERUCA

Oh, they're sooooo cute. I want to hold one!

She goes to open the door.

WONKA

Please don't do--

It's too late. Veruca has already pushed open the door and rushed in. The moment she enters the room, one hundred squirrels stop what they're doing and turn their heads and stare at her with small black beady eyes.

INT. NUT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

VERUCA STOPS and stares back at them. As she pulls a phone from her pocket, the others cautiously enter the room.

INT. FLOATING WONKA-VATOR - A MOMENT LATER

Mr. Salt talks into his cell phone. The others can HEAR Veruca over the closed circuit monitor.

MR. SALT

Veruca, precious. Those squirrels belong to Mr. Wonka.

VERUCA'S VOICE

I don't care about that! I want one, I want a trained squirrel.

GRANDPA JOE

How about a swift kick in the rear?

MR. SALT

Put Mr. Wonka on the phone, Snuggle pie.

INT. NUT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Veruca hold out the phone to Mr. Wonka. He takes it.

WONKA

Yes, hello, Mr. Salt. How are you?

(beat)

I'm so sorry, unfortunately they're
not for... ooops!

Wonka drops the phone down THE BAD NUT HOLE. Mr. Salt's
voice can be heard going down....

MR. SALT'S VOICE

Hello? Wonka? Wonka? Hellooooo?

VERUCA

That's my phone.

WONKA

And these are my squirrels.

VERUCA

Well, I'm going to grab me one!

WONKA

Don't!

Veruca fixes her gaze upon a pretty little squirrel sitting
at the end of the table holding a walnut in its paws.

VERUCA

All right, I'll have you!

As she reaches out her hands to grab the squirrel there is
a sudden flash of brown LIGHTNING and every squirrel around
the table takes a FLYING LEAP at her. Twenty-five of them
catch hold of her right arm, and pin it down. Another
twenty-five do the same to her left arm. Twenty-five anchor
her right leg. And twenty-four her left. And one remaining
squirrel (THE LEADER) climbs up on to her shoulder and TAP-
TAP-TAPS Veruca's head with its knuckles.

VERUCA (CONT'D)

Help me!

The kids look horrified.

CHARLIE

What are they doing to her?

WONKA

They're testing to see if she's a
bad nut. You watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Veruca struggles furiously, but the squirrels hold her tight. The one on her shoulder TAP-TAP-TAPS the side of her head with his knuckles. Charlie looks horrified and moves toward the girl to help her.

WONKA (CONT'D)

I wouldn't do that if I were you!

Charlie hesitates.

WONKA (CONT'D)

My goodness, she is a bad nut after all. Her head must be quite hollow.

Veruca KICKS and SCREAMS but it's no use. The tiny strong paws hold her tightly and she can't escape.

INT. FLOATING WONKA-VATOR - CONTINUOUS

All the parents watch in horror as Veruca is pulled to the ground by the squirrels and dragged across the floor.

MR. SALT

Good Lord, Someone call Wonka!

Mr. Beauregarde presses the CALL BUTTON.

WONKA'S VOICE

Your call is important to us and will be answered in the order in which it was received, please, stay on the line.

INT. NUT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The squirrels pull Veruca toward the BAD NUT HOLE.

CHARLIE

Where are they taking her?

WONKA

Where all the bad nuts go. Down the garbage chute.

VIOLET

Does this mean she's eliminated

MIKE TEAVEE

Definitely!

CHARLIE

Can't you stop them?

Down she goes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Apparently not!

For the first time Charlie looks like he's not having fun.

INT. FLOATING WONKA-VATOR - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON MR. SALT'S FACE.

MR. SALT

The garbage chute? Where does that
lead to?

Pull out to reveal Mr. Wonka standing before the parents and
Grandpa Joe. Mr. Woompa is by his side.

WONKA

Why, the furnace, of course. The
incinerator.

Wonka looks to Woompa for confirmation. Mr. Woompa nods,
managing to stifle a giggle.

Looking like he's going to explode, Mr. Salt lunges at
Wonka. Woompa backs away as Grandpa Joe and Mr. Beauregarde
pull him off. Wonka straightens his suit. Woompa helps.

WONKA (CONT'D)

There is no need to worry. There's
always a chance that they've
decided not to light it today.

MR. SALT

Wonka, this time you've gone a
shade too far. My daughter may be a
bit of a...

GRANDPA JOE

Monster?

MR. SALT

Exactly. And I don't mind admitting
it, but that doesn't mean you can
roast her to a crisp. I'll have you
know, I'm livid about this. And my
wife, Angina, may she rest in
peace, is likely fit to be--

MR. BEAUREGARDE

--And if I may interject here,
these are some serious grounds for--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

--Please don't.

(to Mr. Salt)

And please don't be cross, my dear sir! I expect she'll turn up again sooner or later. She may not even have gone down at all. She may be stuck in the chute just below the entrance hole, and if that's the case, all you'll have to do is go in and pull her up again.

Wonka SNAPS HIS FINGERS three times.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE NUT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie, Mike and Violet wait in the empty hall. From far away comes the beating of drums. Then, SINGING begins.

OOMPA-LOOMPA'S OS

Veruca Salt, the little brute,
Has just gone down the garbage
chute. Down goes Veruca! Down the
drain! And here, perhaps, we should
explain That she will meet, as she
descends, a rather different set o
friends to those that he has left
behind - These won't be nearly so
refined. A fish head, for example...

VIOLET

This is so weird. She's just gone?

MIKE TEAVEE

That's how games work! Players get
destroyed and then eliminated!

CHARLIE

This isn't some video game. These
are real people. It's just not--

WONKA OS

--Okay...ready for Round Three?

The kids turn to find Wonka standing behind them.

WONKA

Follow me.

Wonka hurries down the hall and seems to slip further and further ahead like he's on some kind of people mover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA (CONT'D)

Hurry up. You don't want to get
lost--

Up ahead Wonka rounds a corner out of sight.

ON CHARLIE as he looks around and realizes that only Violet
is behind him.

CHARLIE

Where's Mike?

Violet looks around. NO SIGN OF MIKE.

VIOLET

I don't know.

Suddenly, they hear sounds coming from nearby. They turn
and see a BRIGHT LIGHT coming from partially opened DOOR.
They move toward the door with a sign that reads:

DIGITAL-CHOCOLATE VIDEO ROOM/ HIGHER DEFINITION TELEVISION:
DANGER. KEEP OUT.

Charlie and Violet peek inside where...

MIKE stands in the middle of a room so dazzlingly BRIGHT
and WHITE that they screw up their eyes in pain and STOP.

INT. VIDEO CHOCOLATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE

What are you doing in here? We're
supposed to be following Wonka--

MIKE TEAVEE

-- Do you know what this is? Did
you read this sign--

VIOLET

--The sign said *danger...keep out!*

The kids look around.

CHARLIE

Wow.

It's a long narrow room painted WHITE all over -- even the
FLOOR. From the ceiling, huge lamps hang, bathing the room
in a brilliant BLUE-WHITE LIGHT. The room is completely
bare except at the far ends. At one end there's an enormous

CAMERA ON WHEELS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

with an army of OOMPA-LOOMPAS clustered around it -- oiling it's joints and adjusting its knobs and polishing it's great glass lens. They wear BRIGHT RED space suits, with helmets and goggles and they work in silence. Watching them, there's a palpable sense of DANGER.

At the other end of the room, a single OOMPA-LOOMPA sits at a black table gazing at the screen of a very large...

TELEVISION SET.

ON THE SCREEN is an intricate VIDEO GAME with DEMONIC LOOKING CHARACTERS buzzing about.

MIKE TEAVEE

Look at that! It's a video game!

Mike starts toward the screen when...

OOMPA-LOOMPAS enter the room carrying an ENORMOUS BAR OF CHOCOLATE the size of a mattress and place it on a PLATFORM in front of the CAMERA. Fascinated, Mike Teavee moves toward the camera and is BLOCKED by an Oompa-Loompa.

Then, one of the Oompa-Loompas pulls down a large switch. Suddenly, there's a BLINDING FLASH knocking Mike Teavee, who stands too close, right on his ass.

CHARLIE

The chocolate's gone!

And so it is. Completely gone.

VIOLET

Look!

Violet points up above their heads where the MASSIVE CHOCOLATE BAR, now broken into millions of pieces, rushes by and disappears.

Mike Teavee dashes over to the television.

MIKE TEAVEE

Quick! Come over here!

The kids join Mike at the TV where a SMALL BAR OF CHOCOLATE appears on the screen in the middle of the VIDEO GAME in which VIDEO DEMONS buzz around heading for the CHOCOLATE.

MIKE

That chocolate bar is history.

Charlie watches as the Video Demons approach the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

It looks so real!

MIKE TEAVEE

It's High Definition Television,
you geek. Everything looks real.

Charlie reaches up slowly, as though possessed by a
fantasy, and touches the screen with his hand.
Miraculously, the bar of chocolate comes away in his
fingers an INSTANT before the VIDEO DEMONS can GRAB IT.

Shocked, Charlie looks at the bar. Slowly, he raises it to
his mouth and takes a bite. His eyes fill with magic.

CHARLIE

Digital Chocolate!... Never again
can parents send their kids to bed
without dessert! It's a miracle.

WONKA

My latest and greatest.

Charlie, Mike and Violet spin around to find Wonka emerging
from behind a white curtain. He hands each of them a pair
of DARK GLASSES.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Put these on and don't take them
off. This light could blind you.
It's necessary for Wonka's Higher
Definition Television.

MIKE TEAVEE

You mean high definition--

WONKA

--I mean *higher* -- where things not
only seem real, they are real!

MIKE TEAVEE

That's impossible!

WONKA

Not nearly as impossible as
shutting you up.

MIKE TEAVEE

Then what about people? Could you
send a real live person that way?

WONKA

A person? Are you crazy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIKE TEAVEE

But could it be done?

WONKA

Good heavens, child, I really don't know... I suppose it could...yes, I'm pretty sure it could...

Mike takes off across the room towards the CAMERA.

WONKA (CONT'D)

...but I wouldn't like to risk it! You're not even supposed to be anywhere near this roo--

Mike jumps onto the platform in front of the CAMERA.

MIKE TEAVEE

--Look at me!

VIOLET

Are you an idiot?

WONKA

I hate rhetorical questions.

ON CHARLIE who rushes toward Mike to pull him from harm's way when Wonka leisurely extends his gold-tipped CANE in Charlie's path causing him to TRIP FLAT ON HIS FACE. Violet and Mike turn to Wonka like Vultures...

MIKE TEAVEE

He's eliminatated.

VIOLET

Is he out?

Charlie POFS up.

CHARLIE

(annoyed)

I'm not out! I was trying to save your butt from being chopped up into a million pieces!

MIKE TEAVEE

Save your own butt! I'm gonna be the first person sent into an actual video game via higher definition Television.

WONKA

I do wish you wouldn't--

Mike ignores Wonka and jumps straight for the switch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIKE TEAVEE

See you on TV!

He leaps into the FULL GLARE of the cameras. There is a BLINDING FLASH. Then SILENCE. MIKE has DISAPPEARED.

CHARLIE

Where'd he go?

INT. FLOATING WONKA-VATOR - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: Mrs. Teavee's mouth opened wide in a scream...

MRS. TEAVEE

He's gone! He's gone!

MR. TEAVEE

My Lord, he has gone.

Mr. Teavee pushes the black button to CALL WONKA.

AUTOMATED MALE VOICE

Message G-Z-twenty-two...The person you have dialed is outside the coverage area...

GRANDPA JOE'S VOICE

There he is!

Mr. and Mrs. Teavee leap toward the monitor where the Beauregardes and Grandpa Joe are gathered. There, MIKE'S DISEMBODIED HEAD can be seen on a monitor within a monitor.

MIKE TEAVEE

Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad. I'm on TV!

Mrs. Teavee FAINTS.

INT. DIGITAL CHOCOLATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON TELEVISION BODY PART by BODY PART Mike appears.

WONKA

Oh dear, oh dear. I do hope that no part of him gets left behind.

CHARLIE

Could that happen?

WONKA

It does sometimes happen that only about half the little pieces find their way onto the television.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They watch as an ARM POPS UP. Then another ARM. Then both LEGS which run around without the rest of the body. Mike has no sense of his body being in separate pieces. He waves his HAND on the other side of the screen from his HEAD.

MIKE TEAVEE

Look at me! It's awesome in here.

He looks around at his VIDEO GAME SETTING.

WONKA

Oh my. This is what I feared!

Suddenly, the VIDEO DEMONS race toward's MIKE'S HEAD.

MRS. TEAVEE'S VOICE

You call *this* unharmed?

INT. FLOATING WONKA-VATOR - MOMENTS LATER.

Wonka stands before an irate Mr. and Mrs. Teavee who holds a dismembered Mike in the palm of her hand. His legs pace back and forth without the rest of the body.

MIKE'S HEAD

I am not eliminated!

MRS. TEAVEE

He's shrunk and in *pieces*.

MR. TEAVEE

He won't be able to do anything.

MIKE TEAVEE'S VOICE

Yes I will! I'll be able to watch TV! Or star in my own video game!

MR. TEAVEE

Never again. I'm throwing it out the window the moment we get home.

Mike Teavee flies into a tantrum -- His legs jumping. His arms pounding.

MIKE TEAVEE

I have to watch TV and play video games! And I am definitely not *eliminated*!

MR. TEAVEE

Here, give him to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Teavee takes the pieces of the TINY BOY and shoves them in his jacket pocket. SQUEALS AND YELLS come from inside the pocket as it shakes from MIKE'S fight to get out.

WONKA

Now *this* is a wee bit tricky. But small boys are extremely elastic...

As Mrs. Teavee FAINTS again we hear...

OOMPA-LOOMPA'S VOICES

The most important thing we've learned, so far as children are concerned...

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE DIGITAL CHOCOLATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Oompa-Loompas can be heard off in the distance SINGING.

OOMPA-LOOMPA VOICES

Is never, never, NEVER let them near your television set-- or better still you don't install The idiotic thing at all. And just the same, we recommend, you keep them far away from games....

VIOLET

This is too bizarre? He was actually in pieces!

CHARLIE

I know. I can't believe it. Willy Wonka is insane!

WONKA'S VOICE

Insane indeed! I've never seen anything like it. You children are disappearing like rabbits!

Violet and Charlie spin around expecting to find Wonka. But HE'S NOT THERE.

CHARLIE

Where are you?

It's DARK. Wonka's voice ECHOES eerily.

WONKA'S VOICE

What's important is where you are. Charlie Bucket, touch the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie lifts his hand and touches the wall...

A MASSIVE MAP of a wildly complicated MAZE appears. Charlie's eyes light up. A point on the map lights up with a ding.

WONKA

You are here. The entrance to the world's most complicated--

CHARLIE

--Dark Chocolate Maze.

WONKA

Very good.

Charlie SMELLS THE WALL.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Your goal is to make it to here.

Another light dings on a point labelled EXIT...

CHARLIE

What type of maze is it?

WONKA

You tell me.

Suddenly, the wall with the MAP on it swings open like a trap door. Charlie and Violet step cautiously inside when they hear a loud SLAM. They turn to find a SOLID CHOCOLATE WALL where the door had been. They're TRAPPED!

VIOLET

Mr. Wonka where are you? Tell us how to get out of here.

WONKA'S VOICE

Now that wouldn't be fair. Three down, one to go. You have 23 minutes and 13 seconds to find the exit. Plenty of time. I think.

Charlie looks up and sees the FLOATING WONKA-VATOR hovering above.

GRANDPA JOE'S VOICE

Would you give a cook!

INT. WONKA-VATOR - CONTINUOUS

On the wall the large clock reads: 4:35.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grandpa Joe peers through the glass wall at A MASSIVE, impossibly intricate MAZE with Violet and Charlie stuck inside the dark maze like TRAPPED RATS.

Suddenly, the lights down below DIM DRAMATICALLY

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

The man's insane. And we've left
our child alone with him.

GRANDPA JOE

Charlie knows mazes. Come on,
Charlie.

INT. CHOCOLATE MAZE - CONTINUOUS

Violet and Charlie try to get their bearings.

VIOLET

Hello? Mr. Wonka? Hello?

CHARLIE

Come on!

ON CHARLIE as he runs down the hall and turns a corner
running into a...

A DEAD END with an unmarked DOOR. Violet is beside him.
Charlie reaches over and opens the door. Inside...

THE ROOM IS ABLAZE.

Could be an incinerator. Could be Hell. Charlie SLAMS the
door shut.

VIOLET

What was that?

CHARLIE

Let's get out of here.

INT. MAZE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Violet take off running, now HAND-IN-HAND. They
turn left and run straight into a DEAD END. They back up
and run to the end of the hall and turn left again meeting
with yet another DEAD END. Turn after frustrating turn
leads them to DEAD ENDS! Finally, they turn right down
another hall and come to A DOOR with a sign:

EYE CANDY ROOM.

Violet reaches for the door and throws it open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON VIOLET as her eyes POP in horror.

VIOLET AND CHARLIE'S' POV:

The room is PITCH BLACK, lit only by thousands of EYES BLINKING. Charlie pulls the door shut and grabs Violet's hand.

CHARLIE

Come on.

Violet yanks her hand back.

VIOLET

Come on where? We're never getting out of this place. Don't you get it? The guys nuts. He has no intention of ever giving any of us a lifetime supply of chocolate.

CHARLIE

Give me your Gobstoppers.

VIOLET

What Gobstoppers?

CHARLIE

Come on, miss innocent. I saw you take the Gobstoppers. Hand 'em over...

He checks his watch...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

...we're running out of time.

They hear an EERIE GIGGLING SOUND coming from SOMEWHERE. They look down the dark corridor... NOTHING. Violet reaches into her pocket and pulls out a handful of GOBSTOPPERS. Charlie grabs them and DROPS ONE ON THE GROUND.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This way.

Charlie hurries off dropping a GOBSTOPPER every dozen or so yards. They turn RIGHT, then LEFT. Then LEFT again, ending up at another DEAD END! They turn around and backtrack when suddenly, CHARLIE STOPS.

VIOLET

What?

CHARLIE

They're gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Violet follows the line of Charlie's sight and looks down.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We definitely put a Gobstopper
here. I knew it! It's a Sliding
Door Maze.

VIOLET

A what?

CHARLIE

It's when different boxes are
connected by a network of paths.
But two separate paths exit each--

Violet stares at him blankly. He simplifies.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The walls are moving. Wonka
controls how we get out of here.

VIOLET

You mean *if*!

Charlie looks across the hall and discovers an UNMARKED
DOOR. He walks over and opens it. Inside he finds:

MASSIVE MACHINERY with a HUGE COG moving at the center.

CHARLIE

Give me your gum.

VIOLET

I've been chewing this piece since--

CHARLIE

--Wanna get out of here or not?

She hesitates and then, reluctantly reaches into her mouth
and hands him her PRIZED GUM. Disgusted, he SHOVES the HUGE
WAD into the MOVING COG causing the machine to SLOW with an
EAR-SPLITTING SHRIEK. Violet and Charlie CROUCH IN A HUDDLE
as the walls around them SHIFT. Then, ALL IS STILL.

VIOLET

Look!

Charlie turns to see what Violet sees: at the end of a dark
long corridor are TWO DOORS lit by spots. They're labelled:

HEADS and TAILS.

They stand and walk slowly toward the doors and then STOP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE
Heads or Tails?

VIOLET
Heads.

Charlie braces himself. Then he reaches over and opens the door... Both he and Violet SCREAMMMMMMMMMMM!

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

CHARLIE
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

INSIDE THE ROOM

OOMPA-LOOMPA HEADS hang on the walls. Hundreds of them. It's like a LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS. Charlie SLAMS the door shut. They breathe hard, scared to death.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
I want to get out of here. He can
have his stupid chocolate.

Charlie looks at the OTHER DOOR and then at Violet...

VIOLET (CONT'D)
(barely audible)
Tails....

Charlie takes a deep breath and, bracing himself for anything, opens the TAILS door. And there, on the other side, stands a JUBILANT...

WILLY WONKA.

WONKA
...never fails!

Charlie and Violet look relieved and confused and pissed off all at once.

CHARLIE
What was all that about?

WONKA
That is behind us. Let's focus on
what's in front of us.

Wonka steps to the side revealing...

A MASSIVE ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN.

Their faces fall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VIOLET

What in the heck is that?

WONKA

That, my dear girl, is the final round. The last hurrah. The end of the road. The road less travelled. The--

CHARLIE

--Rock Candy Mountain.

Charlie and Violet look up at the imposing SUGAR MOUNTAIN

Oompa-Loompas are connected and suspended by ropes mid-way up. They HACK AWAY at the rock candy, causing mini avalanches of sugar cascading down the mountain.

WONKA

Yes, my dear attentive child. You're right. My Rock Candy Mountain. The life blood of the factory, where the world's purest sugar is mined.

CHARLIE

Then where's the exit?

WONKA

Why, just beyond it.

Charlie checks his watch.

CHARLIE

We'll never make it by 5 o'clock. We only have 16 minutes.

Wonka looks at his own watch.

WONKA

15, actually.

Charlie's eyes connect with Wonka's which sparkle with sadistic delight as Violet takes off for the mountain.

INT. ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Step by step, Charlie and Violet climb, using their bodies to navigate the steep incline and rugged candy terrane. Violet climbs beneath Charlie.

VIOLET

Hurry up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

I'm going as fast as I can.

Charlie steps on a loose chunk of ROCK CANDY sending it CRASHING down toward Violet. Charlie yells...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Look out!

She ducks just before the rock misses her head by a hair.

VIOLET

Hey! Watch it will ya!

The Oompa-Loompas continue their work, hacking away at the mountain, collecting sugar on LARGE METAL BOWL-LIKE TRAYS.

Charlie and Violet climb step after careful step.

ON CHARLIE as he pushes up over a rock and comes FACE-TO-FACE with...

AN OOMPA-LOOMPA. Then another. And another.

CHARLIE

How you doing?

They all just stare at Charlie. He and Violet climb past.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Is there something a little *strange* about those guys?

Suddenly, the Oompa-Loompas erupt into PEALS OF LAUGHTER.

VIOLET

There's something a little *strange* about this *whole place*!

Violet pushes ahead, when suddenly, A LOUD WHISTLE SOUNDS, followed by an earthquake-like RUMBLE. Charlie and Violet struggle to hold on as they look down below. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS ARE GONE.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Where'd the Oompa-Loompas go?

Charlie looks up and sees huge, boulders of ROCK CANDY pouring down the mountain.

CHARLIE

Look out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They dive inside a shallow cave and huddle together as the rocks pour down only inches from their faces.

INT. ROCK CANDY CAVE - CONTINUOUS

They look around and are surrounded by stacks of the HUGE METAL TRAYS that the Oompa-Loompas use to collect the sugar. Then, all is STILL.

Charlie pokes his head out to make sure the coast is clear.

CHARLIE

Come on. We're almost there.

INT. ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Charlie grabs Violet's hand and pulls her from the cave. As fast as they can, they climb the last 30 feet.

OUT OF BREATH, they stand at the TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN and look over the side. Their faces FALL when they see...

A PRECIPITOUS DROP.

Below, in plain sight, is a MASSIVE DOOR that says: EXIT.

VIOLET

That's it! It's over. We lose.

VIOLET falls down to the ground in frustration and surrender.

CHARLIE

Get up! We've still got 9 minutes.

VIOLET

And how are we supposed to climb down this thing? Don't you get it? It's impossible! The joke's on us!

Charlie thinks for a moment.

CHARLIE

No it's not!

A determined Charlie starts back down the mountain.

VIOLET

Hey, where are you going?

ON CHARLIE hurrying back down the mountain. He makes his way down to where the OOMPA-LOOMPAS work and walks right up to one of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Excuse me!

The Oompa-Loompa looks at Charlie strangely. Charlie points to one of their METAL TRAYS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Can I borrow that?

He looks at Charlie and bursts out in giggles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Charlie grabs the tray and hurries up the mountain to where VIOLET waits.

VIOLET

Where'd you--

Charlie drops the TRAY onto the ground and SITS DOWN ON IT.

CHARLIE

--Hop on!

VIOLET

Are you crazy?

CHARLIE

Definitely. Now sit down and be quiet, unless you've got a better idea.

Violet hesitates and then sits on the tray behind Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hang on!

And off they go! Using the tray as a TOBOGGAN, Charlie and Violet speed down the mountain so FAST they hold on to the tray and EACH OTHER for dear life.

INT. FLOATING WONKA-VATOR

Grandpa Joe and the Beauregardes peer worriedly out the window.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Times running out. I'll bet that Wonka never intended for anyone to--

GRANDPA JOE

--Look! There they are?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED;

PARENTS POV: Charlie and Violet SPEED down the mountain in what looks like a GIANT SALAD BOWL.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

Is that safe?

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Of course it's not *safe*!

INT. ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

ON CHARLIE AND VIOLET as they bounce down the mountain at high speed over SUGAR MOGULS and then as they fly down sheets of packed sugar to the bottom where the tray...

STOPS ON A DIME.

Charlie and Violet TRIP over each other trying to STAND UP. They dash for the EXIT where waiting, arms crossed, stands

WILLY WONKA.

Charlie and Violet stop in front of Wonka. They look bedraggled and exhausted and covered in sticky bits of caked-on SUGAR.

WONKA

Very nice. And with minutes to spare.

Above the EXIT DOOR is a massive clock that reads 4:54.

Wonka gracefully steps aside, allowing for them to pass. Charlie and Violet start toward the door when...

WONKA (CONT'D)

Of course you've missed two critical rooms.

VIOLET STOPS.

CHARLIE

Don't stop. It's a trick.

WONKA

So uncharacteristically untrusting. All I'm saying is, what a shame to visit India without the Taj Mahal. Paris without the Eifel Tower...

Wonka gestures toward the door to the left of the exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA (CONT'D)

...Willy Wonka's Factory with out
The Great Gum Room.

Violet's eyes open wide with temptation. And as Charlie
reaches for the EXIT DOOR, WONKA points to the door to the
RIGHT of the exit...

WONKA (CONT'D)

And Wonka's WHIPPLE-SCUMPTIONS
FUDGEMALLOW DELIGHT BAR secret
production and supply room.

Charlie stops and turns to Wonka.

CHARLIE

Why don't you want us to exit?

WONKA

You misunderstand me, Charlie.

VIOLET

What kind of gum?

Violet peeks inside the GUM room.

CHARLIE

We've only got 4 minutes.

VIOLET

I only need one.

Violet hurries into the GUM ROOM. Wonka winks at Charlie
and then, follows her inside.

Charlie moves toward the exit and then STOPS. He checks the
time on his watch and then, giving into temptation, turns
and looks at the door that says: FUDGEMALLOW DELIGHT ROOM.

INT. GUM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Violet stands before a GIGANTIC MACHINE -- a mountain of
gleaming metal that towers high above her. Out of the top
of it sprouts hundreds of thin glass tubes curling
downwards and coming together in a bunch hanging suspended
over an enormous round tub.

WONKA

My most ingenious invention. Would
you like to see.

VIOLET

I'm in a hurry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

As Great Grandpa Wonka used to say,
when you find yourself in the
biggest of hurries, *slow down!*

Wonka presses THREE BUTTONS on the side of the machine. A mighty RUMBLING comes from inside, and the whole machine begins to SHAKE. Then, STEAM HISSES out all over. RUNNY STUFF pours down hundreds of glass tubes and squirting out into the great tub below. In each tube the stuff is a different color, so that every color imaginable comes sloshing and splashing into the tub.

CUT TO:

INT. FUDGEMALLOW DELIGHT SUPPLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Like a CHOCOLATE LOG CABIN, the room is covered floor-to-ceiling with CHARLIE'S VERY FAVORITE CANDY - Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight Bars. Cooking in large pots are the ingredients - Chocolate fudge, caramel, marshmallow, and one that says SCRUMPTIOUS DELICIOUSIZER.

Charlie moves around the room in a trance, as if he's died and gone to heaven. He breathes in deeply over and over, eating the smell with his breath.

CUT TO:

INT. GUM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The great tub is nearly full, and Wonka presses ANOTHER BUTTON. Immediately the runny stuff stops running out of the tubes, the rumbling sound disappears, and a whizzing whirring noise takes its place. Then, a giant whizzer starts WHIZZING ROUND inside the enormous tub, mixing up all the different colored liquids. Gradually, the mixture begins to froth. It becomes frothier and frothier, and turns from blue to white to green to brown to yellow and then back to blue again.

VIOLET

What's happening?

WONKA

Watch.

The machine goes click, and the whizzer stops. Then, a SUCKING NOISE comes, and all the blue frothy mixture in the huge basin sucks back into the stomach of the machine.

A MOMENT OF SILENCE.

{CONTINUED}

CONTINUED:

Then, the machine lets out a MONSTROUS MIGHTY GROAN, as a TINY DRAWER pops out of it's side, and in the drawer there lay something that looks like...

A SMALL STRIP OF GREY CARDBOARD.

Violet's face falls.

VIOLET

That's *it*?

Wonka gazes proudly at the result.

WONKA

That's it! My latest, my greatest, my most fascinating invention! That tiny little strip of gum lying there is a whole three-course dinner all by itself! A chewing-gum meal! This gum will change everything! It will be the end of all kitchens and all cooking! No dishes to wash. No garbage! No mess! Just a little strip of Wonka's magic *chewing gum* for breakfast, lunch, and dinner!

Wonka takes the tiny stick of gum out of the machine.

WONKA (CONT'D)

This piece I've just made happens to be tomato soup, roast beef, and blueberry pie!

VIOLET

What are you talking about?

WONKA

If you were to chew it, you would actually feel the food going down your throat and into your tummy. I get hungry just thinking about it.

Violet shoots out her hand with Beauregardian entitlement.

VIOLET

Come on, Mr. Wonka, hand over this magic gum of yours and we'll see if the thing works.

WONKA

I would rather you didn't take it. I haven't got it quite right yet. There are still one or two things--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VIOLET

--Oh, to heck with that! I'm in a hurry!

And before Wonka can stop her, she grabs the stick of gum and POPS it into her mouth and begins chewing as she heads for the door. Suddenly, she STOPS.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Ummmm. Tomato soup. It's hot and--

WONKA

--Stop! The gum isn't ready! It's not right.

VIOLET

Right? It's perfect.

WONKA

Spit it out!

VIOLET

It's changing!

She chews and grins with amazement.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

It's roast beef. Tender and juicy!
The baked potato is awesome, too.
It's got crispy skin and it's
filled with butter!

INT. FUDGEMALLOW SURPRISE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mid-bite of a huge Fudgemallow Delight Bar, Charlie checks his watch. A look of panic sweeps across his face. He turns and runs from the room across the hall and into...

INT. GUM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie charges in and finds Violet chewing, her rubbery lips pressing and unpressing with each chomp. Wonka wrings his hands...

WONKA

No no no no no no! It isn't ready.
It isn't right.

CHARLIE

Come on, Violet. Time's almost up.

As Violet chomps away, she begins to turn BRIGHT BLUE.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET

Blueberry pie and cream! Oh, it's perfect! It's--

CHARLIE

--Your cheeks and your nose. Your whole face. It's turning--

MRS. BEAUREGARDE'S VOICE

--Blue!

CUT TO:

INT. FLOATING WONKA-VATOR - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON MRS. BEAUREGARDE

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

...My baby's turning blue. What's happening to her?

PULL OUT to find the Beauregardes and Grandpa Joe watching IN HORROR on the close circuit monitor.

GRANDPA JOE

Good Lord!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

Mercy! Save us! Our Violet's turning violet!

Mr. Beauregarde looks at his watch.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Damn! Only a minute left!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

Who cares about the time. Look at our girl! Call Wonka now!

PUSH IN on Violet who's face and hands and legs and neck, and skin all over as well as her great big mop of curly hair, have turned a brilliant, purplish-blue!

WONKA'S VOICE

Thank you for calling Willy Wonka's Factory. Our menu has recently changed...

INT. GUM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is horrified as a BLUE Violet rapidly EXPANDS!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
She's swelling up!

Wonka shakes his head sadly.

WONKA
I told you I hadn't got it quite right.

CHARLIE
I'll say you haven't. Look at her!

Violet begins blowing up like a MASSIVE BLUEBERRY.

VIOLET
I feel sick.

CHARLIE
She's gonna explode!

Violet's body swells up at such a rate that within seconds it's turned into an enormous round BLUE BALL with a tiny pair of legs and a tiny pair of arms sticking out of the great ROUND FRUIT with a SMALL HEAD on top.

WONKA
It always happens like that. I've tried it twenty times in the Testing Room on twenty Oompa-Loompas, and every one of them finished in a tragic messy way. You should have seen the walls.

CHARLIE
This isn't funny, Mr. Wonka.

WONKA
Do I look like I'm laughing?

Wonka shakes his head, lamenting.

WONKA (CONT'D)
No, Charlie. Inside, I'm crying. And there's nothing I can do for her. I'm afraid our Violet is at the brink. Too bad she wasn't a better belcher.

A look of recognition bursts onto Charlie's face. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out...

HIS SECOND-CHANCE-A-DOODLE.

He stares at the shimmering GREEN SWEET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WONKA (CONT'D)

You can only use it once.

Charlie turns to Violet.

CHARLIE

Here. Eat this!... Hurry.

He shoves the CANDY into VIOLET'S MOUTH. Almost immediately, she begins to deflate, holding on to Charlie as she contorts back down to normal size like a giant balloon that's been popped by a pin.

INT. FLOATING WONKA-VATOR - CONTINUOUS

The Beauregardes and Grandpa Joe watch the monitor.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

What'd he give her?

Grandpa Joe smiles proudly.

GRANDPA JOE

His one and only second chance.

INT. GUM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Violet is Violet once again. Except that she's completely blue.

CHARLIE

Are you okay?

She looks up at Charlie and smiles gratefully when...

MR. WOOMP and THREE other OOMPA-LOOMPAS enter the room and head straight for Violet. They lift her up and begin to roll her out as if she were a MASSIVE BALL.

VIOLET

Hey, get your hands off me.

CHARLIE

What are they doing to her?

Wonka snaps THREE TIMES but the Oompa-Loompa's don't stop.

WONKA

Stop! Now!

THE DON'T. They roll her toward the exit and begin singing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OOMPA-LOOMPA'S

Dear friends, we surely all agree
There's almost nothing worse to see
Than some repulsive little bum
Who's always chewing chewing gum.

This time Wonka CLAPS THREE TIMES loudly as Violet struggles to get out of the Oompa-Loompas' grasp.

WONKA

Halt!

Charlie runs over and begins pulling Violet away. Violet wrenches an arm free and hauls back and PUNCHES MR. WOOMPA in the face. He STOPS and begins TWITCHING UNCONTROLLABLY.

Then, as the other Oompa-Loompas sing on, MR. WOOMPA stands there frozen, repeating the last line over and over again, as if HE'S a MACHINE that has TOTALLY FRITZED OUT!

MR. WOOMPA

Who's always chewing chewing gum. Who's always chewing chewing gum. Who's always chewing chewing gum...

OTHER THREE OOMPA-LOOMPAS

It's very nearly bad as those who sit around and pick the nose. So please believe us when we say. That chewing gum will never pay.

ON CHARLIE whose face goes WHITE. His eyes stay glued to MR. WOOMPA who REPEATS himself like a BROKEN RECORD.

CHARLIE

He's not real.

He turns to Wonka.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Your family isn't real.

Charlie's eyes hold on Wonka's. Suddenly, Violet breaks loose from the FRITZING OOMPA-LOOMPA'S grasp. She lifts Charlie's arm and looks at his watch: 10 SECONDS TO GO.

VIOLET

--Cripes!.

Violet SHOVES Charlie aside and dashes for the exit.

ON CHARLIE, who stands frozen, like he's been hit by a truck. Finally, with just THREE SECONDS TO GO, he darts for the door, making it out just as the LARGE CLOCK STRIKES...

CLOCK

Dong. Dong. Dong. Dong. Dong.

INT. WONKA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Everything from the CLOCK ON THE WALL to THE DESK at which Wonka sits is CUT IN HALF. Even the chair on which he sits.

Charlie, Violet, Grandpa Joe, and the Beauregardes, stand in front of Wonka's desk as he punches numbers into HALF A CALCULATOR.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

We've got two winners here, Wonka.
Fair is fair.

Without looking up!

WONKA

That's true. Unless of course, it's not.

Wonka looks up at the anxious group.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Now, according to the point system--

CHARLIE

--What point system?

WONKA

Why, the Wonka tie-breaking point system, of course. Let's see... 2000 points to Charlie Bucket for innovative resource usage. 2000 point deduction, Violet Beauregarde, stealing.

VIOLET

What?

She turns to Charlie with an accusatory look.

CHARLIE

Don't look at me.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

That's a hefty allegation, Wonka.

Wonka lifts a HALF-REMOTE off his desk and clicks on a HALF-MONITOR which plays back a recording of Violet sneaking a handful of EVERLASTING GOBSTOPPERS.

WONKA

Half a picture tells a story.

That shuts them up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA (CONT'D)

5000 point deduction, Miss
Beauregarde, chewing meal gum...

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

What kind of a screwy point system
is this?

WONKA

6000 points to Charlie Bucket for
foolish... I'm sorry did I say
foolish? I think I meant *selfless*,
yes I'm sure I meant *selfless* use
of a Second-Chance-A-Doodle...

Violet looks furious...

WONKA (CONT'D)

And 15,000 points to Violet
Beauregarde for exiting first!
Congratulations the winner of the
lifetime supply of chocolate is--

GRANDPA JOE

--It's a tie. They've both got
eight thousand points!

WONKA

Is that *right*? Oh yes, of course,
how could I have forgotten... And a
one point deduction from....

All eyes on Wonka...

WONKA (CONT'D)

...Charlie Bucket, for naïve
trusting, attempted mutiny and
tampering with competitive spirit
through alliance forming.

Charlie's face falls. Violet's eyes open wide with GLEE...

VIOLET

I won!

VIOLET screams and jumps up and down with her parents who
behave like she's won an OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL. Grandpa Joe
puts his hand on Charlie's shoulder as Charlie stares at
Violet, waiting for her to say something. She doesn't.

WONKA

We have our winner. That's all for
today. Thank you for playing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WONKA (CONT'D)

Have a nice day. Have a nice life.
The door is behind you.

Wonka begins working at his desk, ignoring the commotion.
Then, as the Beauregardes head for the door...

CHARLIE

What about our deal?

Violet turns around and stares blankly at Charlie.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

What deal?

CHARLIE

We agreed to share the prize.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Did you put it in writing?

VIOLET

No.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Then there's no deal.

GRANDPA JOE

That's ugly. After what Charlie did
for you--

VIOLET

--Come on, Admit it! If you won,
you'd have done the same thing.

CHARLIE

What happened to all for one?

VIOLET

All...

She points to herself.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

...for one!

{beat}

See you in church.

And the Beauregardes leave, in full celebratory spirit.

Charlie and Grandpa turn to Wonka who works at his desk as
if everybody has already left. All that is audible is the
half clock on the wall, ticking.

GRANDPA JOE

Come on, Charlie. Let's go home.

(CONTINUED)

Charlie and Grandpa Joe start to leave. Just as they get to the door Charlie stops. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a left over EVERLASTING GOBSTOPPER. He walks back to Wonka's desk and puts it down. Then he heads for the door. Just as he and Grandpa Joe are about to exit...

WONKA

Wait!

They turn to see Wonka staring at Charlie with a most serious expression.

WONKA (CONT'D)

I have a question.

Wonka stands.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Can you see from today how much I love my chocolate factory?

CHARLIE

I can see that.

GRANDPA JOE

Sure.

WONKA (CONT'D)

How about you, Charlie? Do you love it too?

CHARLIE

Yes. Very much.

WONKA

I am very pleased to hear that.

Wonka looks more serious than ever.

WONKA (CONT'D)

I am very pleased indeed to hear that. And now I shall tell you why.

Wonka cocks his head to one side and all at once the tiny twinkling wrinkles of a smile appear around the corners of his eyes.

WONKA (CONT'D)

You see, my dear boy, I have decided to make you a present of the whole place. Congratulations, Charlie! You thought you lost, but in fact...

Wonka extends his arms in a big theatrical gesture

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WONKA (CONT'D)

you won!

Charlie and Grandpa Joe look at him like he's insane.

GRANDPA JOE

Come on, Charlie.

Grandpa heads for the door. Charlie pauses for a beat and then turns to follow Grandpa Joe out.

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)

The man's clearly not operating on all--

WONKA

--Where are you going? I said you won!

They stop.

WONKA (CONT'D)

As soon as you're old enough to run it, my entire factory will become yours.

They turn back to face Wonka. An awkward beat as they try to absorb what he's saying. Charlie stares at Mr. Wonka. Grandpa opens his mouth to speak, but no words come out.

WONKA (CONT'D)

It's quite true. It may seem crazy but I really am giving it to you. That's all right, isn't it?

GRANDPA JOE

Giving it to him? You must be joking.

WONKA

I'm not joking, sir. I'm deadly serious.

CHARLIE

Why me?

GRANDPA JOE

Charlie's just a boy?

WONKA

And I, kind sir, am an old man. Much older than you think. I can't go on forever. And I've got no children of my own.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WONKA (CONT'D)

No family to keep things going when I can't. Mind you, there are thousands of clever men who would give anything for the chance to take over from me, but I don't want that sort of person. I don't want a grown-up person at all. A grown-up won't listen to me; he won't learn. He won't think the way I do. What I need is someone like... me! Only younger. And all that I ask is that Charlie come and live with me, inside the factory. And I will teach him all my precious candy-making secrets!

GRANDPA JOE

Did you hear that, Charlie? You're going to be the next Willy Wonka.

(to Wonka)

What can we say?

WONKA

Say yes.

GRANDPA JOE

Yes! Right, Charlie?

A moment. Finally...

CHARLIE

No.

Grandpa Joe double takes. *Did he hear right?* Charlie takes a moment as he considers that his life dream is about to be dashed. He looks torn and upset.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm not your guy.

GRANDPA JOE

You're not?

CHARLIE

I'm not a robot. I belong with my family. But thanks anyway.

Charlie turns to leave.

GRANDPA JOE

--Charlie, are you sure? Let's not be hasty. This is the dream! This is everything you've always wanted!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CHARLIE

Was.

Charlie walks out the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE WONKA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie exits Wonka's office and finds himself outside the Factory. After a moment, Grandpa exits too. No one says a word as they head toward the gate. After a moment, Charlie stops. Then Grandpa stops.

CHARLIE

I'll be right back.

Grandpa watches hopefully as Charlie reenters Wonka's office: *Maybe he's had a change of heart.*

INT. WONKA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wonka looks up from his desk as Charlie enters. There's an awkward moment as no one says a word. Then...

CHARLIE

Why can't you make another SECOND-
CHANCE-A-DOODLE?

Wonka holds on Charlie for a beat. Then...

WONKA

Think about it, Charlie. If I could really make life everlasting, why in the world would I need you?

CHARLIE

Is that why you sent out the Golden Tickets? To find someone to take over for you?

WONKA

That's right.

CHARLIE

So it was all just some big test?

WONKA

Was it so bad? You got to go inside my factory. Isn't that what you wanted? Isn't that what all kids want.

CHARLIE

You don't know anything about kids!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wonka stands.

WONKA

Blame me if you want, but for the record, each one of you got in your own way. Piggish, spoiled, competitive... Even Charlie Bucket, too *righteous* to be a winner.

CHARLIE

If being a winner means staying locked behind gates where no one can get to you, then I'm glad I lost.

Charlie turns to leave. And then, with his back to Wonka...

And for *the* record, I am nothing like you.

EXT. WONKA'S FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER.

Grandpa waits anxiously as Charlie somberly exits and heads toward the gate. Grandpa follows. Both have a little less life in them, especially Grandpa Joe who walks slowly and suddenly looks his age.

As they head through the gate, back to their old life, they pass a very BLUE, very ecstatic, VIOLET BEAUREGARDE who stands near a TRUCK, LOADED TO THE BRIM with WONKA'S CHOCOLATE BARS.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Grandpa.

GRANDPA JOE

Don't be. I'm sure you did the right thing.

CHARLIE

Me, too.

They both nod. Neither are at all sure.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I could have won, you know. I wasn't my best, Charlie.

Grandpa Joe puts his arm around Charlie.

GRANDPA JOE

Only mediocre people are always their best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grandpa Joe is moving slowly. His breathing is labored.

CHARLIE

Are you okay, Grandpa?

GRANDPA JOE

It's been a very long day.

EXT. PRATCHETT'S STORE - EARLY EVENING

Charlie approaches Pratchett's store. The sign on the door says... CLOSED. Charlie peeks in through the window. The lights are on, but there's no sign of Pratchett. Charlie KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. No answer. Then he knocks again. No answer. Finally, cold and alone, Charlie sits on the stoop. And as darkness comes, it starts to snow.

INT. BUCKET HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

It's a somber mood inside the Bucket home. Charlie and his mother sit at the kitchen table eating MACARONI AND CHEESE. At the same time, Charlie is writing something on A PAD OF PAPER. The title reads...

MEDIEVAL CASTLES.

Charlie's scrap castle is IN THE TRASH in shambles.

Grandpa Joe, looking haggard and aged is back in bed with the other GRANDPARENTS, also eating supper. On the floor around the room, BUCKETS collect water from a leaky roof.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Well for heaven's sake, tell us
something about the place! Is it
big?

GRANDPA JOE

Big.

Grandpa Joe keeps eating. So does Charlie.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Less spectacular than we thought?

GRANDPA JOE

No.

CHARLIE

No.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

Did you get to taste anything?

GRANDPA JOE

Oh, Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Lots.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Was it good?

GRANDPA JOE

Yes.

CHARLIE

Ummm humm.

Frustrated by the anemic response and his huge unsatisfied curiosity, Grandpa George raises his hands to the sky...

GRANDPA GEORGE

Good Lord will someone say
something with more than one
syllable!

Suddenly, out of nowhere, the most tremendous NOISE of
SPLINTERING WOOD comes from above their heads.

Within seconds, something CRASHES through the ROOF...

Charlie and Mrs. Bucket DIVE under the table.

The Grandparents dive under the covers as...

WILLY WONKA'S GLASS WONKA-VATOR lands smack dab in the
middle of the Bucket home! After a moment...

Mrs. Bucket and Charlie climb out from under the table and
stand frozen in shock.

The grandparents peek out from beneath the covers. An
absolute stunned silence permeates the room.

The doors to the Wonka-Vator slide open and out steps...

WILLY WONKA.

WONKA

Good evening. I hope I'm not
disturbing anything.

No one says a word. He turns to Mrs. Bucket.

WONKA (CONT'D)

You must be Charlie's mother.

He takes Mrs. Bucket's hand and pumps it enthusiastically.
She nods, unable to speak.

WONKA (CONT'D)

So good to finally meet you.

(CONTINUED)

He turns and sees the bed with all four grandparents.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Grandpa Joe! How are you, sir? And these dear people are...?

CHARLIE

(barely audible)

My Grandma Josephine, Grandpa George and my Grandma Georgina.

Wonka circles the bed, shaking hands like a politician.

WONKA

So nice to meet you. How cozy you all look.

Then he turns to Charlie, like he would a long lost friend.

WONKA (CONT'D)

And Charlie! My dear boy. So good to see you again.

An awkward moment of silence..

MRS. BUCKET

Are you insane?

WONKA

Yes, well, let me get straight to the point.

All eyes rest on Wonka as he turns and speaks to Charlie.

WONKA (CONT'D)

You were wrong. I saw something in your eyes I haven't seen in years. That kid you say I know nothing about... That kid was me! I was just like you, Charlie... dreaming impossible dreams and making them possible.

Wonka throws up his hands.

WONKA (CONT'D)

And then you had to go and mess up the whole thing!

CHARLIE

What did I do?

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

You walked away for something more important...

He looks around at CHARLIE'S FAMILY.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Something I know nothing about... except that you should never have to chose between it, and your dreams.

He turns back to Charlie.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Charlie Bucket, if your dream dies, then so do I.

Charlie and Wonka's eyes are locked. A moment, then...

GRANDPA GEORGE

You're gonna fix our roof first, aren't you?

Wonka looks up as if noticing THE DAMAGE for the first time.

WILLY WONKA

Of course. Unless you'd rather come and live with me in my house.

All jaws drop.

WILLY WONKA (CONT'D)

Where there are floors that are heated in the winter and air conditioned in the summer. And a sunken bathtub with a faucet for hot and cold and one just for bubbles. And every day someone will come and put clean fancy sheets on your--

CHARLIE

--How did you know--?

Charlie's eyes open wide as IT HITS HIM...

Wonka turns to Charlie. And from the corners of his eyes his face begins to smile, full twinkle. Then, Wonka moves to his left, and in a similar routine that we saw earlier, Charlie moves to his right MIRRORING WONKA.

(CONTINUED)

Wonka starts to his right and then quickly ducks.
Charlie's mirrors him perfectly.

Charlie looks closely at WONKA'S EYES. Then, Wonka takes off his hat, and in THE DISTINCT VOICE of MR. PRATCHETT he speaks to the boy...

WONKA/PRATCHETT

How would it be, Charlie, if Thomas Edison had decided to lock his doors and stay home?

Charlie stands up.

CHARLIE

(realizing)

You gave me that ticket.

Wonka stands up, too.

WONKA

I gave you a second chance. Don't I deserve the same?

(beat)

You said things would be different if you ran the place... Prove it.

And with that, as Charlie's face lights up like never before...

GRANDPA JOE'S VOICE

Yippppppeeeeeeee!

CUT TO:

INT. GLASS WONKA-VATOR - MOMENTS LATER.

The entire Bucket family and Willy Wonka soar high above the town in Wonka's Glass Elevator. They beam with joy as they look out at the dazzling view below, in the middle of which stands Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory... And as they view from on high the sight of their future home...

THE MASSIVE IRON GATES TO WONKA'S FACTORY slowly and magically SWING OPEN!

FADE OUT.